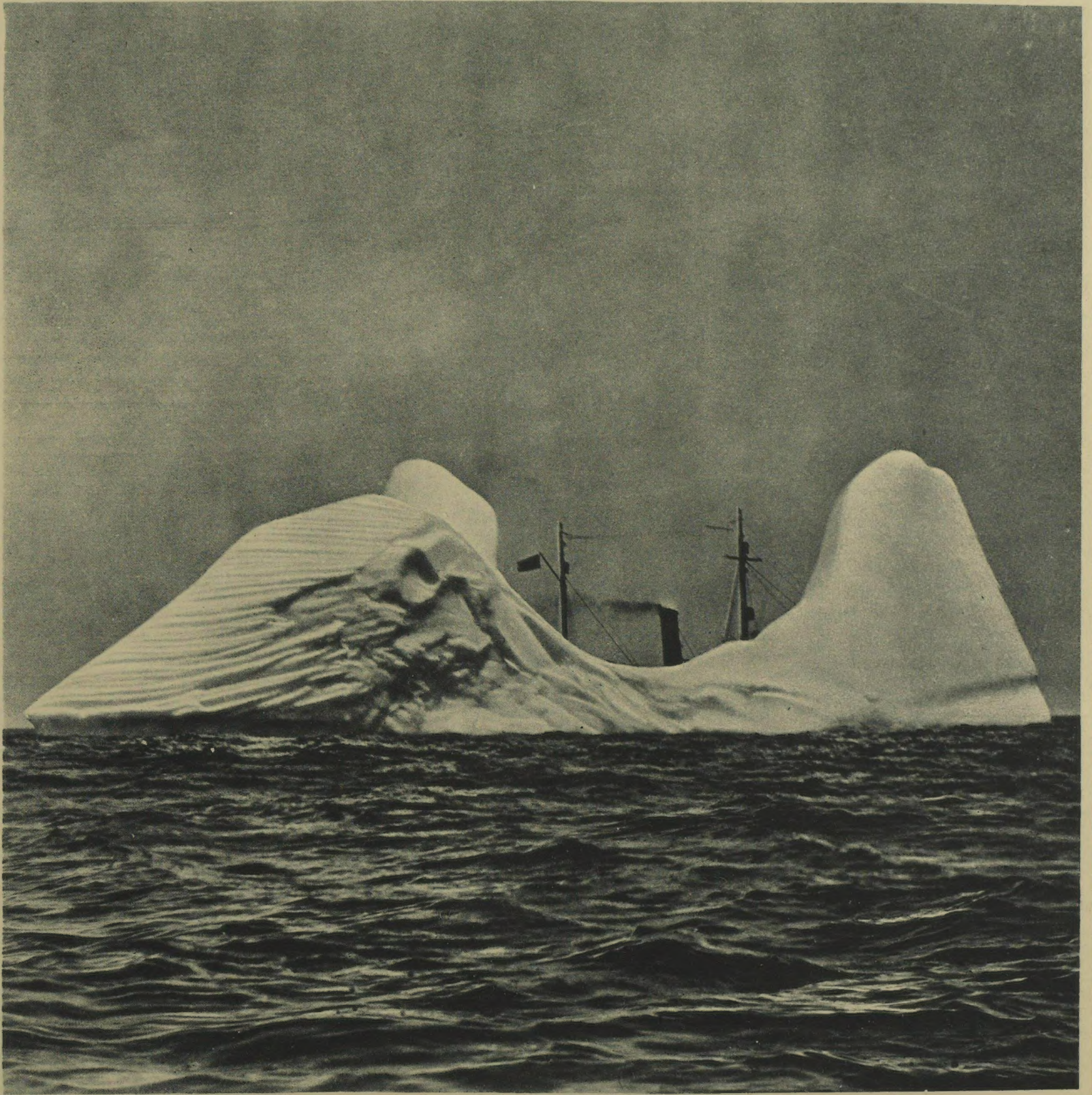


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1926.

The Copyright of all the Editorial Matter, both Engravings and Letterpress, is Strictly Reserved in Great Britain, the Colonies, Europe, and the United States of America.



GUARDING AGAINST THE GREATEST PERIL OF TRANSATLANTIC TRAVEL: THE INTERNATIONAL ICE PATROL IN THE ICEBERG SEASON (MARCH TO AUGUST)—A CAPSIZED BERG, SMOOTHED BY WATER, WITH A SHIP BEYOND.

After the "Titanic" disaster in 1912, fourteen nations combined to establish the International Ice Patrol in the North Atlantic, and no lives have since been lost by such collisions. The patrol vessels are supplied by the United States. Lieutenant-Commander F. A. Zeusler, who last year became oceanographer and navigating officer on this service, writes in the "National Geographic Magazine" (Washington): "There are two easily recognisable types of icebergs—the 'solid' and the 'dry-dock.' The solid type usually lies comparatively low in the water. Its sides are rounded by the action of water, because it has tipped now this

way, and now that. Contrary to the general belief, icebergs . . . seldom turn turtle. . . . The solid bergs assume shapes of sleeping dogs, of lions, King Tutankhamen in his tomb, and perfect profiles. The dry-dock bergs give us towered castles and lofty pinnacles. The dry-dock . . . bergs do not turn over." The above photograph shows a "berg which has recently capsized. The fact that it has turned topsy-turvy is shown by the whole upper portion, which is water-washed. Note the ice sloughing off on the left." On later pages we illustrate other icebergs and experiments in destroying them by high explosive.

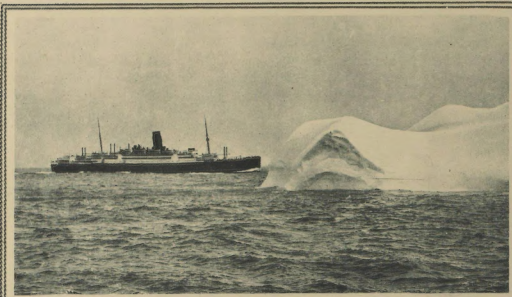
PHOTOGRAPH BY LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER F. A. ZEUSLER, U.S. COAST GUARD. BY COURTESY OF THE "NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE" (WASHINGTON).

DESTROYING ICEBERGS BY HIGH EXPLOSIVE: REMARKABLE

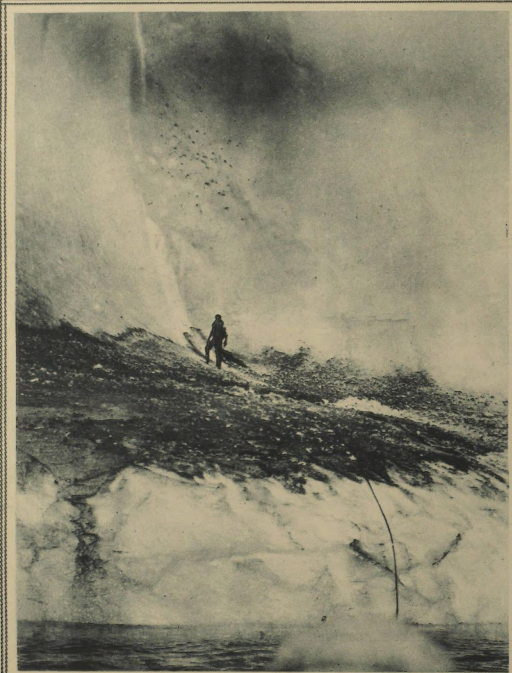
EXPERIMENTS BY THE ICE PATROL IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LIEUT.-COMMANDER F. A. ZEUSLER, U.S. COAST GUARD, OCEANOGRAPHER OF THE

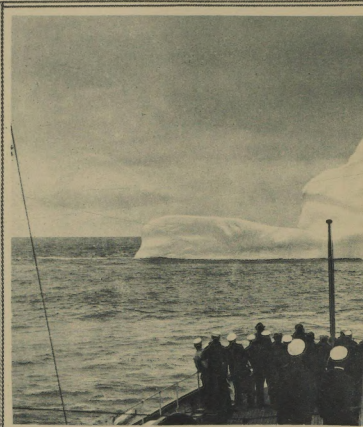
INTERNATIONAL ICE PATROL. BY COURTESY OF THE "NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE" (WASHINGTON).



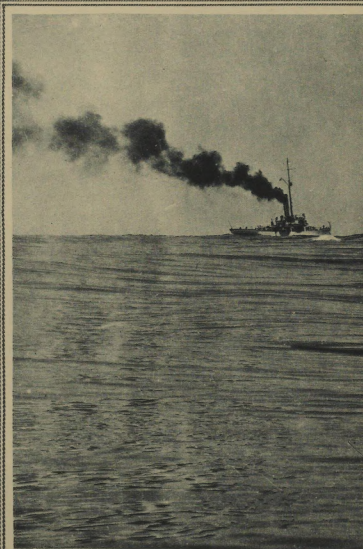
1. ROUNDED BY THE ACTION OF THE WATER BEFORE IT "TURNED TURTLE": PART OF A LARGE ICEBERG OF THE "SOLID" TYPE THAT HAD TUMPLED OVER—ITS ENORMOUS SIZE INDICATED BY THE S.S. "TUKAIA" (375 FT. LONG).



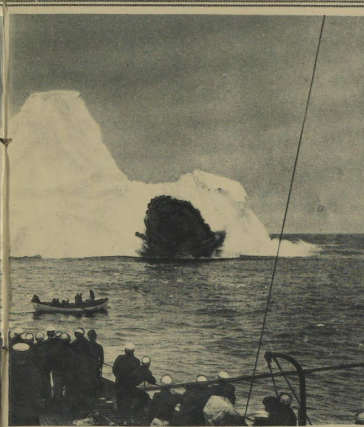
4. SHOWING THE MINE-CABLE, FOR FIRING THE EXPLOSIVE CHARGE, LEADING TO THE BOAT. A MEMBER OF THE ICE PATROL EXAMINING THE EFFECTS OF THE FIRST MINE EXPLOSION ON A HUGE BERG CHRISTENED "NO. 14."



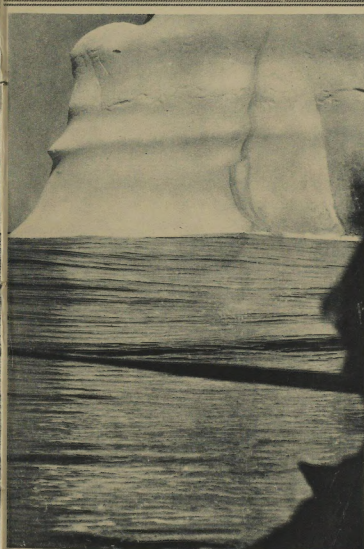
2. MINING ONE OF NATURE'S "BATTLE-SHIPS": NEGLIGIBLE RESULTS—AND A SLIGHT TREMOR, AS OBSERVED FROM THE



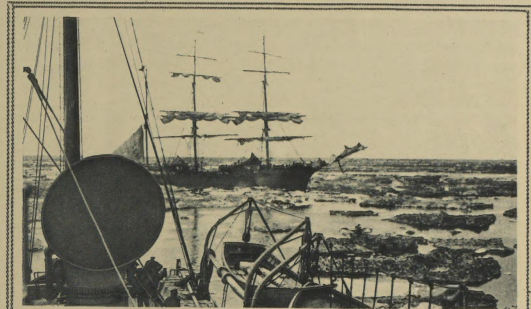
5. "WE TRAILED ITS STEPS TO ITS GRAVE FROM THE TIME IT DISAPPEARED": AN ICE PATROL SHIP



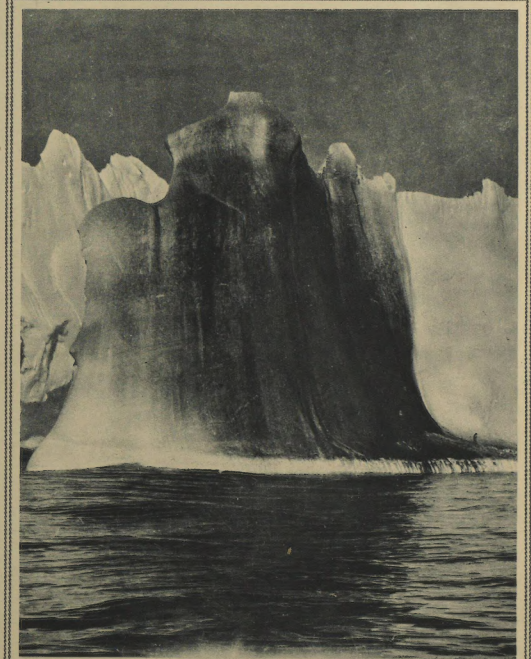
"A COLUMN OF WATER, A DARK SMUDGE, A FALL OF LOOSE ICE, ICE PATROL CUTTER "MODOC" (IN FOREGROUND).



WAS A STRAPPING GIANT OF A MILLION AND A-HALF TONS UNTIL ROUNDED A HUGE ICEBERG OFF NEWFOUNDLAND.



3. CAUGHT IN FIELD-ICE ON THE GRAND BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND: A SAILING SHIP, TYPICAL OF THE FRENCH FISHING FLEET FROM BRITANNY, TO WHICH THE ICE PATROL RENDERS MANY SERVICES.



6. "THE EXPLOSION ONLY SERVES TO PAINT A BLACK SMUDGE 100 FEET WIDE, THE WHOLE HEIGHT OF THE ICE CLIFF": PART OF THE ENORMOUS BERG CALLED "NO. 14," ITS SIZE SHOWN BY THE TINY FIGURE OF A MAN (RIGHT).

As noted on our front page, the International Ice Patrol in the North Atlantic has been at work since the disaster to the "Titanic" in 1912. Its main duty is to locate icebergs and warn ships in the locality by wireless. "The 1925 Ice patrol" (writes Lieut.-Commander F. A. Zeusler, the oceanographer and navigating officer, in the "National Geographic Magazine") "saw the first serious experiments to destroy icebergs by high explosives. . . . We tried T.N.T. on a bigger block of sound ice . . . 300 ft. long and about 150 ft. high (Fig. 2). The berg shivered, a shower of loose ice tumbled off the upper ledges, a geyser of water and black powder smoke went up 100 ft. and came down, and the calm of Nature settled back upon the sea and ice. No damage. . . . Our attempts to mine and destroy a third iceberg (Figs. 4, 5, and 6) are of especial interest, because this was the largest that came into the steamer lanes last year, and because we trailed its steps to its grave from the time it was a strapping giant of a million and a-half tons until it disappeared. We first sighted the berg on May 26, well north on the edge of the Banks. It was christened No. 14. All bergs that are potentially dangerous are

numbered. . . . No. 14 was 267 ft. above the water. Both sides were 512 ft. long." The later stages of the chase are told in the form of a diary. One entry reads: "June 9. We decide to take a hand in the destruction of No. 14. First we explode mines on a tongue and then under water, as we did with the second berg, but with even less effect. Then we decide to try to dig a hole with four charges placed on a smooth water-polished shelf 40 ft. wide terminating in a cliff 200 ft. high. The berg is boarded with some difficulty, since the shelf has rounded edges. Without spiked shoes it would be next to impossible to climb on. Once aboard, steps are cut in the ice. The four explosions enable us to sink the last charge in a hole 15 ft. deep and 20 ft. across. Ice is tamped in over the charge, but the explosion only serves to paint a black smudge 100 ft. wide, the whole height of the ice cliff" (Fig. 6). Three days later: "There is a heavy fall of about 20,000 tons of ice from the higher cliff. Perhaps this is a result of our blasting." Gradually the great berg diminishes under stress of storms and the warmth of the Gulf Stream, until, on July 1, "No. 14 has gone where all good icebergs go. The Gulf Stream has avenged the 'Titanic'."



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

WE all know that the worst of using strong language is that it produces weak language. Words which were uttered with the best intentions, in the way of violence and abusiveness, are gradually weakened and corrupted into courtesy and amiability. The earnest and eloquent person who has carefully chosen his words with the pure purpose of being blasting and blasphemous finds that by his very exaggeration he has become coldly conventional and polite. He struggles against the creeping paralysis of propriety, but his very struggles increase the stiffness that inevitably follows the abuse of violence. Instead of having strengthened his own case, he has only spoilt a large number of beautiful swear-words. By modelling himself upon Pygmalion (proverbially an appropriate association of ideas) he has really only reversed the legend, causing the glowing and glorious form of the goddess of wrath (Ate, or whatever her name is) to be frozen once more into a chilly and changeless statue.

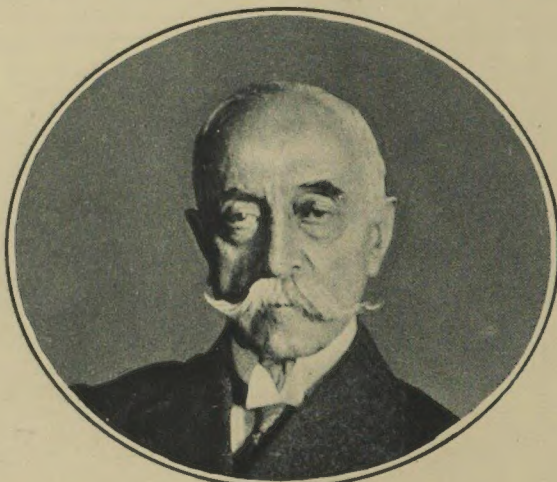
Old oaths sound curiously cold and classical, like the nymphs and cupids on a faded urn or pediment, which dance for ever, yet seem all the sadder for dancing. When Lord Foppington says "Stap my vitals," we notice the affectation of the words, but we no longer notice the violence of the image. We imagine it said feebly and not fiercely—not, certainly, with the sort of sudden cry of a man seeking to stop his own heart. When the eighteenth-century dandy said "Lud, Lud," he was, in fact, repeating the awful invocation of some ancient prophet crying "Lord, Lord." But to us "Lud, Lud" does not sound like "Lord, Lord," but rather like "Tut, tut." All language retrogrades, even if all life progresses. It evolves downwards, and is perpetually passing from "Lord" to "tut." Those who blame religions and other traditions for often employing a dead language forget that they themselves are perpetually employing a dying language.

But there is one curious case of this—the fact that the very phrases that seem most fresh and fashionable are often almost identical with those that seem most faded and out of date. It will be clearer, perhaps, to give one or two examples. For instance, some little time ago, it became the modern fashion to claim for any theory or policy that was to be praised that it was above all things "constructive." The word "constructive" dominated all social debates; and constructive reform was commonly contrasted in the newspapers with destructive revolution. It was not really a very intelligent distinction, at least as they stated it. It would be easy to ask them whether cutting up wood to make a fire was destructive or constructive. It might not unreasonably be called entirely destructive, since it first destroys the tree with a hatchet and then destroys the wood with a flame.

The truth is, of course, that almost every act that is really constructive is really destructive. It was pointed out a long time ago in the case of the constructive social reformer who set out to make omelettes (doubtless for the starving poor), but who entertained a humane aversion from the idea of breaking eggs. But, whether or no the phrase be philosophical, there is no doubt that it became fashionable. Mr. Webb on the Socialist State, Mr. Wells on the Great State and afterwards on the World State, and all the sociologists who moved in the spirit of that school or phase of thought, were particularly eager to explain that they were nothing if not constructive. Earnest youths met in Piccadilly and said to each other eagerly, "Are you constructive?" Aristocratic hostesses observed, "You must hear Wobbles. He is so constructive." To be constructive was to be truly of the twentieth century, as distinct from the nineteenth.

It was to be scientific, evolutionary, Shavian, futuristic, and generally living in the middle of next week.

And yet I suppose it would have surprised those young pioneers to be presented to a pious old lady just come from listening to a parson, who should fold her mittened hands and say, "I have listened to a most edifying discourse." They would not feel in perfect sympathy with the parson if he rebuked the novels of Lydia Languish by saying they were "hardly for edification." They would not be profoundly impressed if he suddenly began to address them in the parlour with a sermon



RESTORED TO THE PRESIDENCY OF THE GREEK REPUBLIC BY THE NEW REVOLUTION WHICH HAS OVERTHROWN THE PANGALOS RÉGIME IN GREECE: ADMIRAL KONDURIOTIS, WHO RESIGNED LAST MARCH, AFTER HAVING BEEN TWICE REGENT.



LEADER OF THE NEW GREEK REVOLUTION: GENERAL KONDYLIS, FORMERLY A SCHOOLMASTER, AND AT ONE TIME MINISTER OF WAR.

An official communiqué issued in Athens on August 22 announced: "The people and the Army have unanimously abolished the dictatorship of General Pangalos. The leader of the revolution, General Kondylis, has asked Admiral Konduriotis to resume office as President of the Republic. Admiral Konduriotis has accepted. . . . The late 'Dictator,' General Pangalos, is being pursued by war-ships." He was arrested at Spetsai after some resistance, and placed under escort on board the destroyer "Pergamos," but, as the commander showed sympathy with him, other ships were sent in pursuit. The "Pergamos" was captured and General Pangalos was found in the wireless turret. Admiral Konduriotis has twice been Regent of Greece. General Kondylis, formerly a schoolmaster, joined the Venizelist Army at Salonika in 1916 and was War Minister in the first Republican Cabinet. General Pangalos headed a military revolt in June 1925.

that was intended to edify. Yet the word "edifying" is exactly the same as the word "constructive." No doubt it originally sounded quite as fresh and practical as the word "constructive." As a matter of fact, it is rather more solid and sensible. For men have constructed many things, man-traps and murderous instruments and engines of torture—things that were certainly constructive, but not always as edifying. But in the word "edification" there is the nobler atmosphere of the building of houses, of protective

walls, and sacred enclosures. But anyhow, nobody ever noticed that the old cant was the same as the new catchword. Nobody saw the similarity between the young man who said "Mr. Webb's policy is so very constructive" and the old man who said "Mr. Wesley's exposition is so very edifying."

Or take another example. About the same time the word "values" became of great value. All the modern mystics and pragmatists and popular preachers, and people interested in problems of evolution and ethics, suddenly began to say "Religion is the science of values." They also, I regret to say, began to string words together with hyphens in the German manner, and talk about the experience-value of the immortality of the soul or the survival-value of the disappearance of the tail. There was something about this notion of calling a thing valuable that seemed to make it very vivid and vital and fresh. Doubtless people went about applying it to the psychology of daily life, saying "Mr. Puffin is a man of very vital values," or "I do feel that the values of dear Marjorie are getting on so nicely." Anyhow, any number of fashionable people had fallen in love with the new word. And none of them ever noticed that it was simply identical with an old word, and one of the most tame and tiresome of old words.

The very last thing that Marjorie wished to be called was "worthy." And yet the words for worth and value are almost interchangeable. The language of Jane Austen sounds more than usually prim and old-fashioned when she wishes to suggest about some young gentleman that he was quite a good fellow, and cannot express it except by a stately and stilted allusion to what she calls his "worth." And yet "his worth" is really a very sensible and rational summary of what she means to say, and expresses it quite as well as if she had said "his values" like a pragmatist professor from Boston. And most certainly it expresses the praise a great deal more sensibly and clearly than saying he is a brick or a good egg or a good old bean or (worst of all) a white man, in the manner of some more frightful Transatlantic Choc-taw, not from Boston, but from Babylon, Neb. Here again, at any rate, we may note the same curious coincidence. The word on which everybody pounced as striking was the same as the word which everybody would have avoided as stale. Mr. Puffin was content to be valued for his values; he did not dream of the horrid truth that he was being appreciated for his worth.

The moral, of course, is one that has been continually taught, though I do not know that it has ever been learnt. Anything that is fashionable is on the brink of being old-fashioned. That particular effect of words that comes from their freshness, from their having lain fallow or from their finding a new application—all that atmosphere will fade as rapidly as smoke after a gun has gone off. The explosion may have echoes, but they will grow fainter, and no one will ever guess from the fiftieth what was the effect of the first.

On the whole, I think it is more worth while to keep old words new than to work new words till they are prematurely old. I can see the value of "values," but I wish we had proved ourselves more worthy of a strong and sound word like "worth." I wish we could still say enthusiastically, "Mr. Brown is a worthy man." I wish the newspaper that has a head-line "New Constructive Policy" could safely rouse the rising generation with the trumpet-call of "New and Edifying Policy." But if we have cheerfully murdered the words of our fathers, let us at least realise that the new words of our nephews and nieces will also die.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE, RUSSELL, L.N.A., ELLIOTT AND FRY, HAY WRIGHTSON, SPORT AND GENERAL, AND TOPICAL.



RETIRING: SIR CHARLES SANDERSON, CONTROLLER, LONDON POSTAL SERVICE.



HEAD OF A WELL-KNOWN PAPER-MAKING FIRM: THE LATE SIR HOWARD SPICER.



A WORLD-FAMOUS FILM ACTOR DEAD: THE LATE MR. RUDOLPH VALENTINO.



PERU'S LONDON REPRESENTATIVE KNIGHTED: DR. RICARDO RIVERA SCHREIBER.



NOW LORD STRATHCONA: CAPTAIN THE HON. D. S. P. HOWARD, M.P.



BEATEN BY ENGLAND IN THE BOYS' INTERNATIONAL GOLF MATCH: THE SCOTTISH TEAM—(L. TO R.) SITTING: I. P. McAULAY, A. STANLEY ANDERSON (CAPTAIN), AND J. E. D. MATHIESON; STANDING: E. A. McRUVIE, K. C. FORBES, JAMES RAMSDEN, F. H. WATERS, D. C. S. JAMIESON.



WINNERS OF THE BOYS' INTERNATIONAL GOLF MATCH: THE ENGLISH TEAM—(L. TO R.) SITTING: K. W. BUCHANAN, G. A. HILL (CAPTAIN), E. FIDDIAN, AND C. W. TIMMIS; STANDING: ROBERT GRAY, W. R. WILLS-SANFORD, I. R. PATEY, R. C. ELLIS, AND R. CARTWRIGHT.



DAUGHTER OF A GREAT CANADIAN AND A PEERESS IN HER OWN RIGHT: THE LATE LADY STRATHCONA.



A FAMOUS AMERICAN BANKER IN FRANCE KILLED AT POLO: THE LATE MR. HENRY HERMAN HARJES.



A GREAT AMERICAN EDUCATOR AND NATIONAL LEADER: THE LATE DR. CHARLES ELIOT, EX-PRESIDENT OF HARVARD.

Sir Charles Sanderson, who is retiring at sixty-two, has spent nearly fifty years in the postal service.—Sir Howard Spicer was deputy chairman and managing director of Spicers, Ltd., the well-known paper-makers. He wrote or edited many sports publications for boys and girls, and founded the Boys' Empire League. As technical adviser to the War Office during the war, he was concerned in the production of anti-gas masks.—Rudolph Valentino rose quickly within a few years to be one of the most popular of film actors. Among his most famous rôles were "The Sheik" and "Monsieur Beaucaire."—Dr. Ricardo Schreiber has been made a K.B.E. on the termination of his seven years in London as

Peruvian Chargé d'Affaires. He is now to be Peruvian Minister in Holland.—Lady Strathcona was the only child of the late Lord Strathcona, and on his death succeeded by special remainder to the Barony as a Peeress in her own right. She is succeeded by her eldest son, Captain the Hon. Donald S. P. Howard, M.P.—Mr. Henry Herman Harjes was joint director of the American banking firm of Morgan Harjes, and as its Paris head had important financial dealings with the French Government.—Dr. Charles Eliot, who was ninety-two, was known as the "Grand Old Man" of Harvard, which, during his forty years' presidency, he developed from a small college into a great University.

From A. to Z.: "Tanah Malayu."

"MALAY LAND." By R. J. H. SIDNEY.*

"ABOUT Malaya, perhaps more than any other of Britain's overseas dependencies," remarks Mr. Sidney in one of his A to Z chapters, "there is less general knowledge than about any other country of equal importance." Yet the White Line has come to its motor-crowded towns; electric light is a boon and the railway more or less of a blessing; there are those potent enterprises, tin and rubber, with agriculture in general, coconut-planting, and fishing; and the native youngster—Malay, Chinese, or Indian, maybe in a felt hat with school colours round it and a button-picture of Charlie Chaplin behind it—is learning in English how many apples make five if one of them is green, that D.S.O. does not mean Distinction in Oral and Sums, that C.M.G. is not short for Care of St. Michael and St. George, and that K.B.E. stands neither for King's Bench Evidence nor King of the British Empire! Moreover, the European can enjoy a home life moderated by local conditions and hot humidity, but made easy by perfect service and a "washing day" three times in twenty-four hours; and can tolerate a social life rendered pleasant by clubs and games and congenial company, and onerous only by the routine of work and by over-much full-dressing in order to sign visitors' books and leave cards in the little red boxes of residences whose mistresses are always "Out" or "Not at Home."

In other words, *Tanah Malayu* is falling into line with the rest of the world. The dull clang of the West disturbs the chattering glamour of the East; the cinematograph and the Chinese and Malayan theatres are rivals; foreign buildings shadow those of the country; clothes are becoming alien to the soil; the car sends the rickshaws scuttling and is endangered by drowsily driven bullock-carts; the telephone is insistent—and there are seven daily papers in English! Before very long, even as we reckon time, many a custom of Malaya will be no more than a grandfather's tale; many a thing of beauty, significance and use merely a museum specimen. Meanwhile, there is much that is of the primitive and poetic past to mitigate that which is of the prosaic present.

Wander afoot with our author; entrain with him, your ticket in your hatband; rickshaw behind the never-tiring coolies; travel the tarred roads and the rutty roads—and see what he has seen.

Much that is Chinese will be in evidence, in Singapore—of the Base—and everywhere else. And it will be noted that the Chinese are the most persistent of workers. "We shall become more and more imbued with wonder at the amazing industry of the Chinese. At all times of the day, and at any hour up to—and sometimes past—midnight, they will be seen at work in their shops. Let us suppose we are in the street of the bootmakers. Every shop is a boot-shop, and inside there will be many workers doing every part of their trade. Here are very few factories, but each shop is a small manufactory, and all the processes may be seen from the street if one cares to stay and watch. Only occasionally, for a meal, is the work interrupted, when the men of the household gather round the table, which is set nearly outside the shop on the pavement. . . . This goes on every day, Sundays included, and ceases only for the very rare occasions when marriages or funerals are celebrated, or some of the great feasts, such as the Chinese New Year. It cannot be wondered, then, that the Chinese, when they do take a day off, enjoy it so fully." To which the author adds: "The Chinese . . . in the ordinary way live a life of great simplicity. I had the honour of meeting, in Burma, one of the richest Chinese, perhaps, outside China itself, and was entertained with princely magnificence in his wonderful house outside Rangoon. The house itself was a sumptuous palace, and there was every convenience therein for the most fastidious visitor. Behind the house were large garages containing a fleet of twelve Rolls-Royce motor-cars, and there was also a small house, in which one imagined that some of the domestics would perhaps live. You may perhaps judge my surprise when I found out that in this small house the Chinese *toukay*, his wife and family and children's family all lived, leaving the big house entirely vacant, except when distinguished visitors came to occupy some of the rooms. This is quite customary. A rich Chinese will build a splendid house and will, perhaps, live in one room of it, or in rooms at the back of the house, leaving the house itself for display and for ceremonial occasions." A state of mind paralleled, it would seem, by

those strictly orthodox Tamils who, "though very rich, wear only the scantiest of clothing, so that one gets a shock to see an almost naked body sitting in a costly motor-car."

But even Chinese customs are mutable. The firing of crackers on New Year's Day, for example, is now chiefly

year near Kuala Lumpur. Of the former, he writes: "There is one curious temple at Penang which is worth a note, and that is the Snake Temple. Nearly every visitor goes to see this, but he will probably be disappointed, because he expects to find large snakes, and finds only very small ones. So far as I am able to ascertain, the origin comes direct from China, where almost any land-snake is a god when the waters have subsided in a flooded land. It is thought to be due to the snake that the waters have gone down. . . . The snake is placed on a tray in the temple and worshipped." Of the second it is said: "Round the ring where the fire walking was to be undertaken a large crowd had already gathered. . . . In the ring itself there was an area of smouldering black coal, which did not appear to be very hot. Some Chinese who were in a trance near the coal were beating themselves with large red flails and others were striking themselves with knives; at a given signal the penitents rushed across this area of coal. This was repeated three times, and did not appear to cause any great discomfort to those who took part in the proceedings. I felt quite frankly that the coal could not be very hot, and 'L. E. H.' assured me afterwards that the devotees themselves were grumbling very much because the coals were not properly heated!" Was change there also?

Certainly there is in the Malay rendering of "Prince Hamlet," which, movie-picture fashion, interpolates scenes such as the murder of Hamlet's father. "The play now begins to follow Shake-

speare's version in its main outline, but we do not have to wait for humour until the Grave-diggers' scene, for it begins as soon as the first clown (the sentry) meets the ghost! This is really funny! A telephone has been introduced into the castle grounds at Elsinore (though I saw this play actually in 1923, the producer must have had a foreknowledge of the work which Sir Barry Jackson was going to do in 1925), by means of which the comic sentry tries his best to call up the rest of the guard. The ghost, however, will stand none of this nonsense, and continually frightens the sentry, so much that he falls down on the stage, kicking up his legs in the air." After this it is not surprising to be introduced to an actress made up with a beautiful pink-and-white face, but retaining black legs!

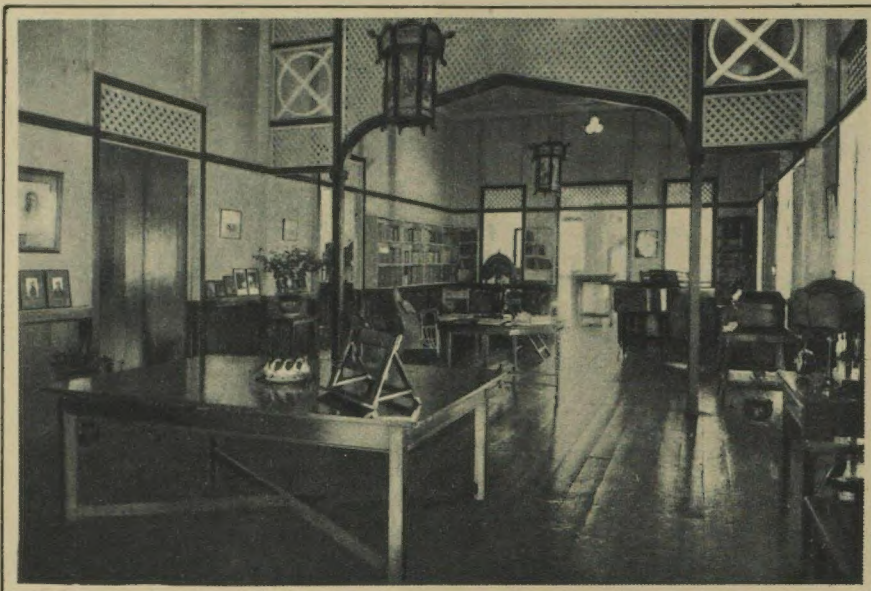
And as certainly there will be in the restrictions and elaborations—and costs—of the Malay engagement and wedding. "Hamid" will no longer agree to meet his bride for the first time on the day of the marriage. The girl will not be content with a groom of others' choosing and a youth in which she "will probably never have spoken to a young man, or to any one young man, except perhaps members of her immediate family." A parent will not continue to mock his poverty by spending a thousand dollars or so on feast and ceremonial. Processions will be fewer; religion may be less ornate if no less full of symbolism; graceful drapery will fall before shoddy "gentlemen's suitings" and "latest creations"; the stall in the open will be Woolworth-ed; the shop will be Selfridged.

As Commerce closes its tentacles, tin and rubber and the rest will gain in importance, and there will be no opium with which to smear the face of the Devil clad in sackcloth and bearing the mourner's flail!

All of which may not be for the good of the community according to the old standards, but will much benefit young Malaya, that young Malaya which is throwing off its shackles and is being taught not only to assimilate new ideas but to combat ignorance and illness, notably that most dreaded of all scourges, leprosy, leprosy now curable—by a mixture of hempseed (*Cannabis indica*) and Tai Foong Chee (*Hydnocarpus anthelmintica*), that Tai Foong Chee ("great disease seeds") which is "a chaulmoogra nut known to the Chinese for hundreds of years as a remedy for leprosy and described in their ancient pharmacopœias."

The rest the Future will decide.

Let it be added that Mr. Sidney's "Malay Land" is as entertaining as it is instructive. Those who read it will look forward to the promised successor, with its chapters on Malacca, jungles and forests, oil palms, and tin-mining. Especially, doubtless, to the tin-mining, for there is romance in it. It is written: "Anon one may pass through tin-mining areas, and here we get vast stretches of open country which have been made hideous by man's handiwork. There are, however, great compensations, for so soon as a tin-mine ceases to be workable Nature steps in and soon provides a beautiful lake where the old mine used to exist. Malaya is full of these lakes, and many of them excel in beauty our own famous Lake District." E. H. G.



EUROPEAN LIFE IN MALAYA: "INSIDE THE AUTHOR'S BUNGALOW."

Reproduced from "Malay Land," by R. J. H. Sidney, by Courtesy of the Author, and of the Publisher, Mr. Cecil Palmer.

for the amusement of the children: there are few who believe that "if they can throw a cracker in your path it will destroy all devils that otherwise might trouble you during the coming year." And in the Chinese theatre more and more



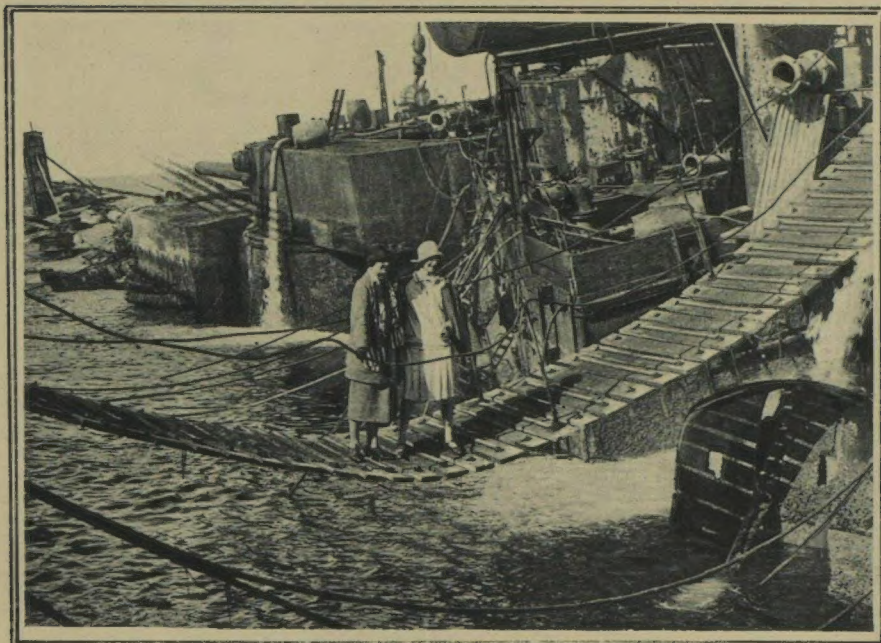
WITH ITS FACE SMEARED WITH OPIUM: A CHINESE DEVIL IN MALAYA CLAD IN SACKCLOTH AND BEARING A MOURNER'S FLAIL.

Reproduced from "Malay Land," by R. J. H. Sidney, by Courtesy of the Author, and of the Publisher, Mr. Cecil Palmer.

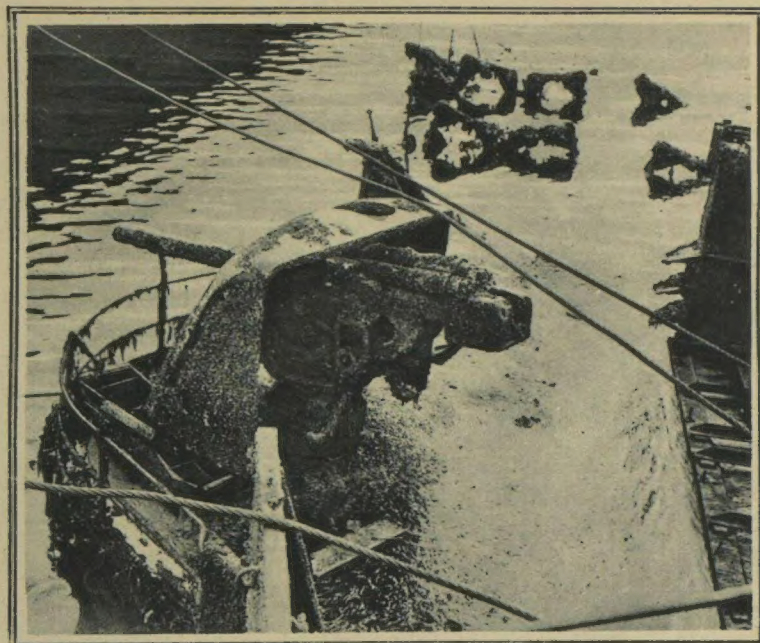
elaborate scenery is displacing the old convention, although there survive in most cases the "invisible" scene-shifters and property-men who work in full view of the audience, and the "stars" who supply their own words to suit the situations and change them frequently. As to worship, the most curious things Mr. Sidney saw were the Snake Temple at Penang and the Hokken ceremony held once a

* "Malay Land: Some Phases of Life in Modern British Malaya." By R. J. H. Sidney. Illustrated. (Cecil Palmer.)

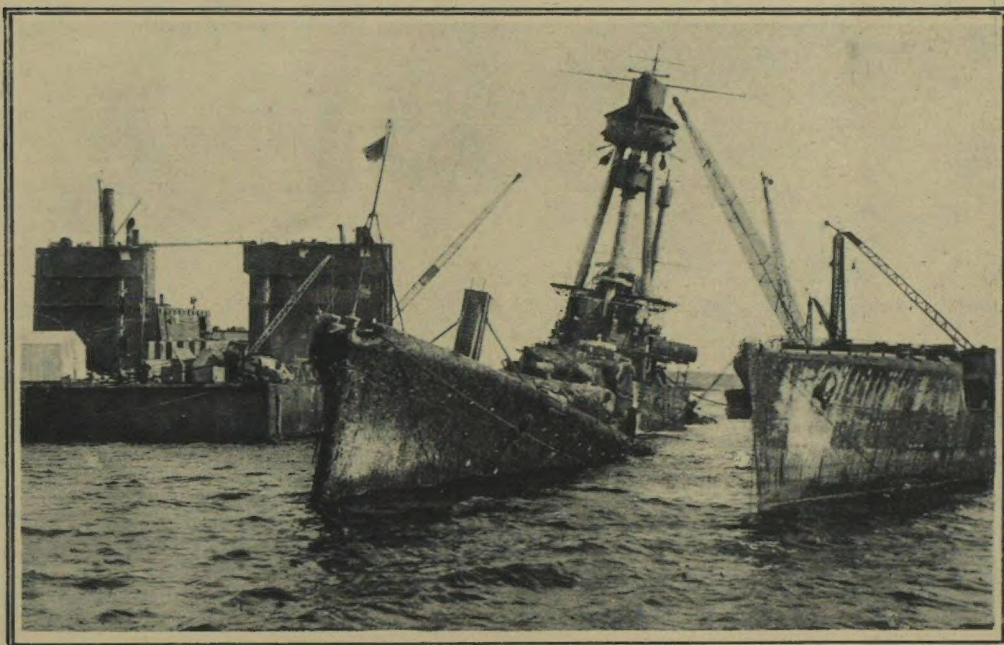
RE-SUNK TO AVOID CAPSIZING: THE "HINDENBURG"—A SALVAGE HITCH.



WATCHING THE SALVAGE OPERATIONS FROM A SWINGING GANGWAY BETWEEN THE "HINDENBURG" (IN BACKGROUND) AND A FLOATING DOCK: MRS. AND MISS COX, THE CONTRACTOR'S WIFE AND DAUGHTER.



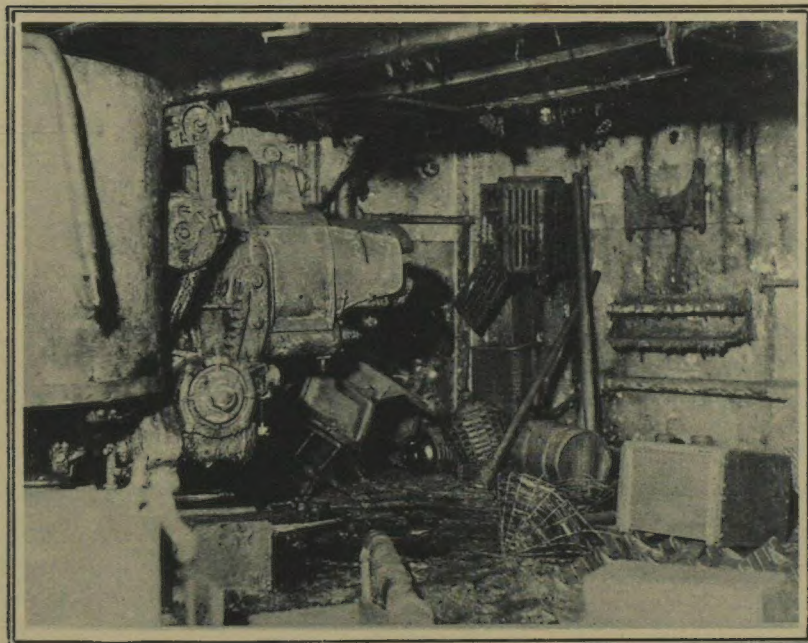
ENCRUSTED WITH MUSSELS DURING ITS SEVEN YEARS' SUBMERSION: ONE OF THE SMALLER GUNS OF THE GERMAN BATTLE-CRUISER "HINDENBURG," SCUTTLED IN 1919 AT SCAPA FLOW.



SHOWING THE DANGEROUS LIST TO PORT, WHICH EVENTUALLY NECESSITATED RE-SINKING THE SHIP: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE "HINDENBURG" PARTIALLY RAISED.

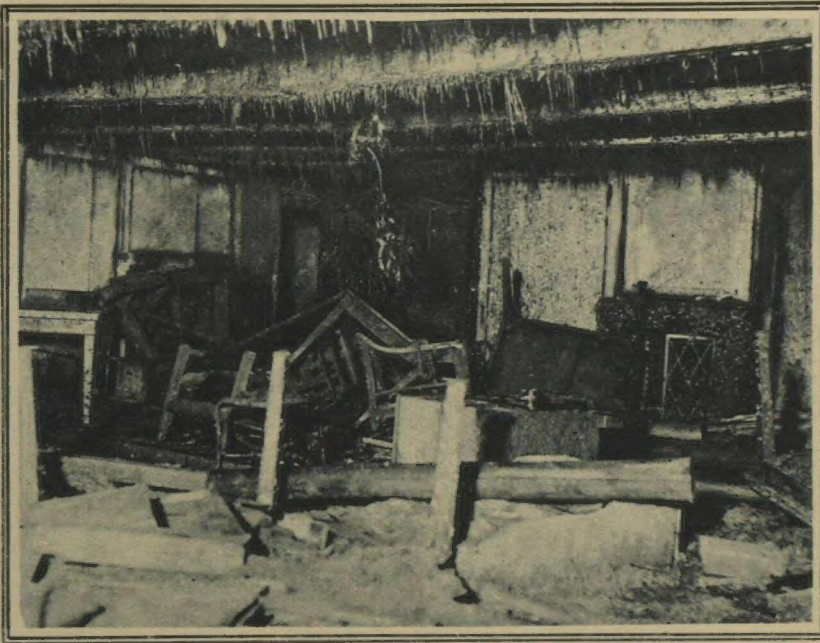


WITH DECKS AND GUNS CRUSTED WITH SEAWEED AND MUSSELS: THE "HINDENBURG" RAISED FORWARD BY PUMPING.



PHOTOGRAPHED BEFORE SHE WAS SUBMERGED AGAIN OWING TO HER PORT LIST: THE INTERIOR OF A 6-INCH GUN CASEMATE ON BOARD THE "HINDENBURG."

After three months' work on one of the greatest salvage operations ever undertaken—the raising of the 27,000-ton German battle-cruiser "Hindenburg," scuttled at Scapa Flow in 1919—the contractors, Messrs. Cox and Danks, were compelled to re-sink her on August 22 just when success appeared to be in sight. The fore-part had first been raised by pumping, but when the stern was similarly lifted, a heavy gale sprang up, and the ship listed 25 degrees to port. One of her 100-ton boat derricks broke away and fell on a floating dock, and there was grave danger of all the work being undone by her turning

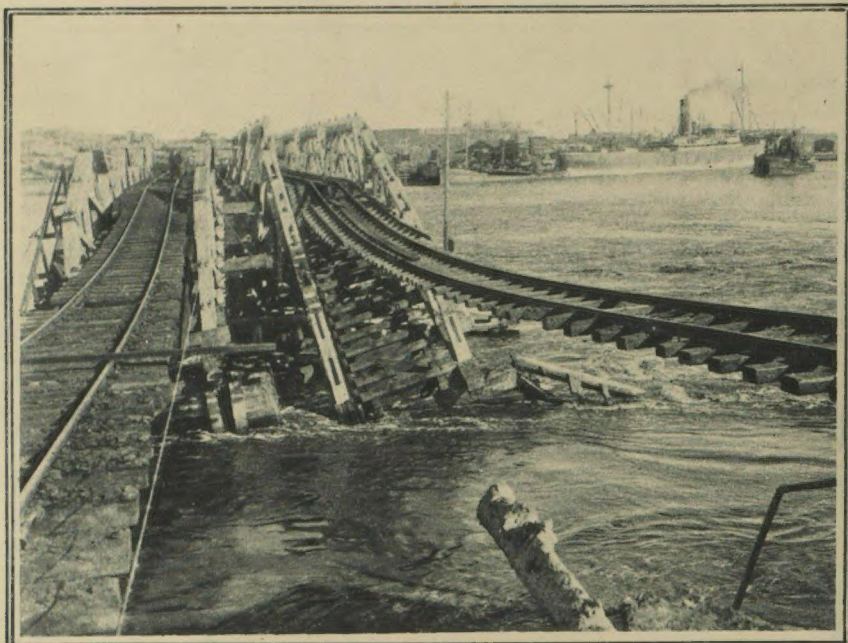


SHOWING THE RESULTS OF SEVEN YEARS' SUBMERSION SINCE SHE WAS SCUTTLED: THE WARD-ROOM IN THE "HINDENBURG" BEFORE SHE WAS RE-SUNK.

turtle. The next morning the gale had so much increased that Mr. Cox ordered all hands on to the boat "Ferrodanks," which stood by in case the cruiser capsized. A diver named Bee bravely volunteered to cross to the "Hindenburg" and break in a submerged starboard porthole. The admission of the water caused her to sink on an even keel, and thus averted the feared catastrophe. She was again raised aft by pumping, but once more listed to port, and Mr. Cox decided to adopt another method, already successfully used in raising destroyers. This involves the fixing of steel cables carried under the hull.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: ILLUSTRATIONS OF REMARKABLE EVENTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., TOPICAL, P. AND A., AND G.P.U.



CAUSED BY THE WORST FLOODS ON RECORD IN THE HISTORY OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA: WRECKAGE OF A GREAT RAILWAY BRIDGE AT FREMANTLE.

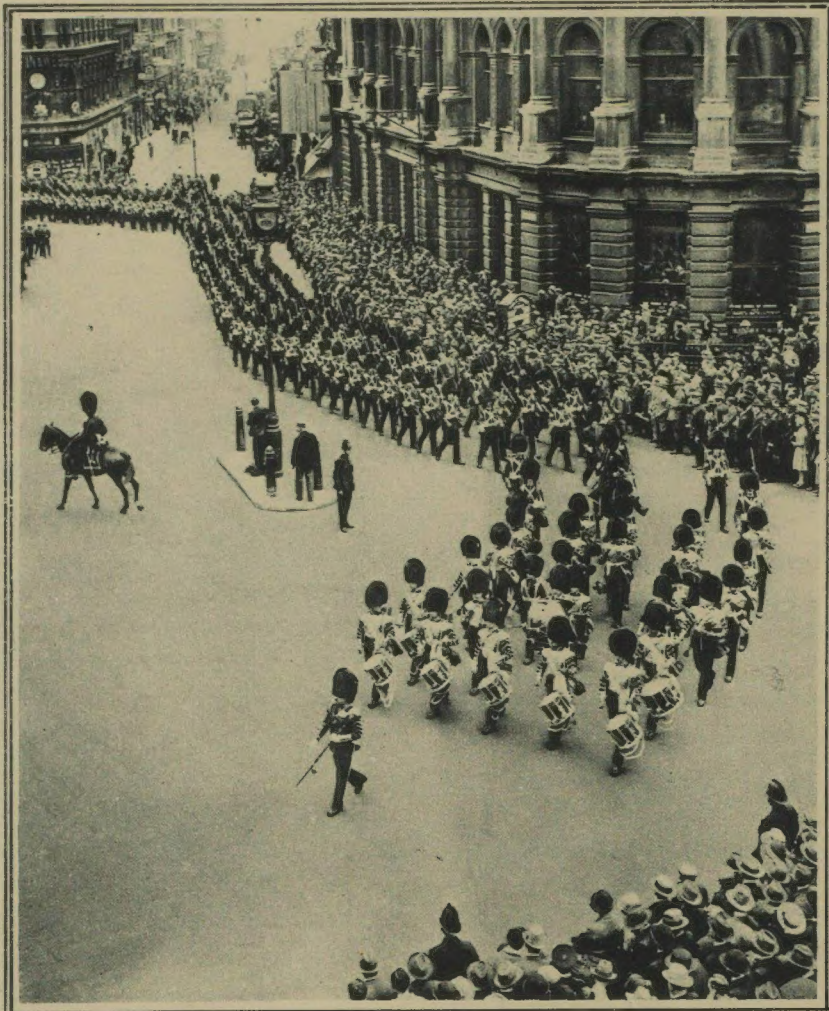


SHOWING A THIRTEENTH-CENTURY COFFIN BROKEN BY IGNORANT "TREASURE-HUNTERS": PART OF THE EXCAVATIONS OF MERTON PRIORY—A SCENE OF INCREDIBLE VANDALISM.



ASCRIBED TO FOUL PLAY: THE BERLIN-COLOGNE NIGHT EXPRESS WRECKED NEAR HANOVER, WITH THE LOSS OF TWENTY-ONE LIVES (TWO BRITISH)—TELESCOPED CARRIAGES.

The excavations of Merton Priory, conducted by Lieut.-Col. H. F. Bidder, have been the scene of incredible vandalism. A thirteenth-century stone coffin recently discovered, with a skeleton of a man in it, was broken, and ancient paving was torn up and scattered. The outrage was ascribed to a local delusion that a treasure-hunt was in progress and that golden cups were buried in the foundations. The Priory, founded about 1117, disappeared after 1538.—Two British passengers—Mr. David Howard Pirie of Cambridge, and Mr. W. Read—were among the twenty-one people killed in the wreck of the Berlin-Cologne night express, on



THE ONLY GUARDS REGIMENT PRIVILEGED TO MARCH THROUGH THE CITY WITH DRUMS, COLOURS, AND FIXED BAYONETS: THE 3RD BATT. GRENADIER GUARDS PASSING THE MANSION HOUSE ON THEIR WAY TO THE TOWER.

Zoological Society of London.

SECRETARY,
P. CHALMERS MITCHELL, C.B.E., M.A., D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S.

REGENT'S PARK, LONDON, N.W.8.

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY" LONDON.
TELEPHONE: 4911.
TELEPHONE IN HAMPSHIRE: 6614.

21st AUGUST, 1926.

NOTICE.

For the first time since 1872, a young hippo has been born in this house. This happy event is in no small measure due to the absolute seclusion in which the mother has been kept during the past three months. Visitors are requested to make as little noise as possible when passing through the house and not to ask for permission to see the baby as it will be some weeks before it will be on show as the mother is an exceedingly nervous animal.

Both are doing well.

G. M. Fawkes.

ANNOUNCING THE FIRST "HAPPY EVENT" OF ITS KIND AT THE "ZOO" SINCE 1872: AN OFFICIAL "BULLETIN" ON THE BIRTH OF A BABY HIPPOPOTAMUS.

August 19, about twenty-five miles east of Hanover. The railway company, suspecting foul play, offered a reward of 25,000 marks (£1250) for information leading to an arrest.—The 3rd Batt. Grenadier Guards marched through the City on August 20 to take up duty at the Tower, in full-dress order, with drums beating, colours flying, and fixed bayonets—a privilege conferred by Charles II. They only of the Guards possess it, but share it with three other regiments.—A baby "hippo" was born in the "Zoo" on August 20—the first since "Guy Fawkes," who was born on November 5, 1872, and lived thirty-six years.

A "BREAKAWAY" FROM THE COAL STRIKE: NOTTS MINERS RESUME.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FARRINGTON PHOTO. CO.



IN ONE OF THE BOLSOVER COMPANY'S COLLIERIES, WHERE "AN HONOURABLE COMPROMISE" WAS ARRANGED FOR A 7½-HOUR DAY AT THE APRIL WAGE: THE FIRST TRUCKS OF COAL BEING BROUGHT UP AT THE CRESSWELL COLLIERY, NEAR MANSFIELD.



IN THE MIDLANDS COALFIELD WHERE A WIDESPREAD MOVEMENT AMONG THE MINERS FOR A RETURN TO WORK RECENTLY BEGAN: PIT PONIES, IN "BLINKERS," ON THEIR WAY BACK TO THE MINE, AFTER THEIR LONG HOLIDAY, AT THE CRESSWELL COLLIERY.

A strong movement recently began among the coal-miners of the Midlands to "break away" from the strike and return to work, on terms arranged locally with the owners, in spite of efforts to stem the tide made by Mr. A. J. Cook, Secretary of the Miners' Federation, who made a tour of the Nottinghamshire coalfield. It was stated on August 23 that there had been a general rush to resume work in Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire. At the five collieries of the Bolsover Company, one of which is the Cresswell Colliery (here illustrated) large numbers of men accepted a 7½-hour day at the wages current last April. The

prime mover in this arrangement was Mr. J. P. Houfton, director of the company, and ex-M.P. for East Nottingham. In a published statement he said: "I have great hopes that the step which I have taken will be the beginning of a new era. . . . There is no doubt that, if we had chosen to prolong the strike, the men would have been forced to return on an eight-hour day, but they would have been rendered sullen by a sense of defeat. . . . An honourable compromise has been reached. Both the owners and the men have made sacrifices, and there is no sense of defeat on either side."

THE COUNTRY INN OF ROMAN BRITAIN:

A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING BY A. FORESTIER, BASED



AN IMPERIAL SYSTEM OF COMMUNICATION.

ON DISCOVERIES AT SILCHESTER. (COPYRIGHTED.)

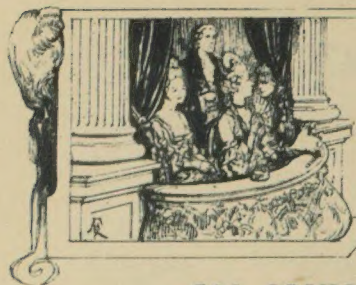


OF A TYPE FIRST ESTABLISHED BY AUGUSTUS THROUGHOUT THE ROADS OF THE
A ROMAN MANSIO (HOSTELRY AND POST-HOUSE)—A RECONSTRUCTION

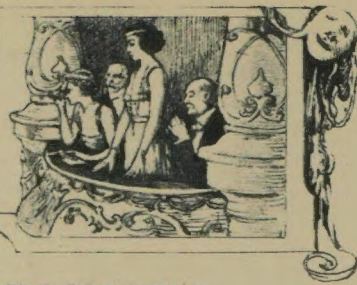
"Throughout the Roman roads in Italy, Gaul, and Spain," writes Mr. Forestier, "the Emperor Augustus organized a regular posting service. Later on the system was extended to Britain when it became a Roman province. This posting service was not opened at first to private travellers, but reserved for official people, civil and military. Only from the time of Nero was the advantage of travelling rapidly over the roads, with the facility of changing horses and finding food and shelter in regular post-houses and hosteries, accessible to the public, and then a permit of circulation (*diploma tractatorum*), a sort of passport, was necessary. These establishments were kept under the supervision of State inspectors (*frumentarii, curiosi*). The hosteries were called

ROMAN EMPIRE, AND UNTIL NERO'S DAY USED ONLY BY IMPERIAL OFFICIALS:
DRAWING FROM ROMAN REMAINS AT SILCHESTER.

mansiones. These were distant from each other by a day's journey, the interval being equally divided by smaller houses (*mutationes*), where one could only change horses and obtain some refreshment. There were four or five *mutationes* to one *mansio*. The town of Silchester (*Calleva*, the capital of the Atrebatians) boasted a large inn, presumably well frequented. The report on the excavations has been published, and it is on the basis of the plan of that hostelry that the present drawing has been done. (See 'Everyday Life in Roman Britain,' by Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell.) It will be noticed that it resembles the general lines of a Roman villa, with wooden outbuildings such as stables, barns, and offices."



The World of the Theatre.



ON JOHN GALSWORTHY THE DRAMATIST.—"ESCAPE," AT THE AMBASSADORS.

AS I sat in the Ambassadors Theatre and reflected that in this play, "Escape," Mr. Galsworthy was saying good-bye to the drama (for we are informed that this is his last piece), I could not escape a feeling akin to despondency. It was as though a doughty champion full of vigour, upon whom we had relied these twenty years, had suddenly lost heart and retired from the fray. Yet hardly was the thought formed than it was dismissed both as unjust and untrue. It may be true that we shall see no more plays from his pen (though I still believe that if the compelling mood arose, and the theme commanded a dramatic treatment in stage terms, he would not deny the inspiration), but the fact must be faced that Mr. Galsworthy prefers, as he has already told us, the larger and more attractive canvas of the novel. It is not for him an escape into placid waters out of the swift, disturbing currents of modern life. It is his artistic preference for this medium, for he has explored every field of writing—drama, novels, short stories, essays, and even poetry. Prose is his wash-pot and over verse hath he cast his shoe. He is essentially a critic of modern institutions, a man who uses his imagination in the service of his generation. He is the passionate agonist who rebels against the tyrannies of sham and convention. He is a reformer who wants things done. He stands in the company of Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. H. G. Wells as a writer who uses his art as the handmaiden of his ideas. He heeds not the critics who gird at him for "loading the dice" in the dramatic discussion of his problems. He knows that we must limit ourselves if we are to get things done. We must "stoop to conquer." The social reformer must to some extent neglect art if he is to grasp social problems; the controversialist must emphasise and over-emphasise, sacrificing one truth for the moment to another.

Now, Mr. Galsworthy has engrossed himself in many problems, and you will always find him standing for the humane and generous view. The inhumanity of the law towards the sentenced was the *motif* of one of his first plays, "Justice," and it moves his last play, "Escape." The inhumanity of man to man runs through everything he writes. It was demonstrated in "Strife," and again discussed in "The Show." He demonstrates that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor in "The Silver Box." The law and the legal aspect of things must appeal to him, since he is a lawyer by training, and he takes up each case like a barrister. Hence his special pleading; hence his deliberate weighting of the scales. In "Escape" the prologue does not state a typical case. The reasonable course would have been for Captain Denant to accompany the woman to the police station and clear up the business. Allowing that men are not always reasonable when aggravated, that Denant, on the impulse of the moment, might have struck the officer, Mr. Galsworthy sees that the blow proves fatal. The hard luck pursues his hero in his savage sentence. It finally trips him up in his fugitive flight on Dartmoor. We pity and love Denant, not only because we know him to be innocent, but because he is hunted. We were chained in sympathy to Falder, in "Justice," because he was a hunted creature. It is the law which favours the rich and respectable, and falls so hard on the down-trodden and suspect, which Mr. Galsworthy assails. It is not an accident that makes him choose a woman of a certain class for the starting point of his play; and so sincere and brilliant is the reading of the

that we are almost convinced these are typical cases. They are not. They are hard cases, and they do show how injustice may come. They force us to look more kindly on the man in the prisoner's box. There but for the grace of God we might be standing. Sometimes this humanitarian spirit grows so

the privacies of life which is the staple of sensation-mongering journalism, he obscured the fact that reasonable publicity is a safeguard against crime. This special pleading, however, is the dynamic force of his plays. "Loyalties" was so dramatically effective because the loyalties were so one-sided.

The problems of caste in his dice-box are so shaken out that we shall sympathise with the man robbed and the man betrayed, and again the fulcrum of the action turns on the loyalty of a solicitor to his profession—the heartless law.

Now I have already said that Mr. Galsworthy is justified. Like the Ancient Mariner, he knows that if he is to hold his audience spell-bound, if he is to force them to feel for and with the under-dog, he must be not only graphic but emphatic. Of Mr. Galsworthy we may say, with Buffon, that *le style, c'est l'homme même*. It is his sincerity, his courage, his purpose which results in that fine economy of words, that austerity of manner, that force in the theatre which so impresses us.

But Mr. Galsworthy is no mere platform orator or theatrical barrister. He is a man of feeling and imagination. Beneath the structure of his ideas is a heart aflame with sympathy. The artist in him with a value for beauty, with an appreciation embracing the roundness of life, is in revolt against the angularity of these dramatic debates. The realistic manner of his first plays has broken down steadily until in "Escape" we get the episodic

play approximating to the novel and the film in so far as it gives more scope. In his novels we still have the problems for discussion. The questions of marriage, divorce, property are discussed, the poor or misunderstood are for our love and pity; but how much more artistic and satisfying the treatment! "The Country House" and "The Man of Property" are great novels, simple, fair, reasonable, and completely convincing. In "The Forsyte Saga" beauty is achieved, and the social ideal gives consistency to it.

And in "Escape," which in a prologue and nine episodes presents the Odyssey of a convict, Mr. Galsworthy has been able to press on to his stage a representative world of men and women. The types are clearly sketched, the motives illuminated, and the series of pictures is united through the study of Denant. How perfectly Mr. Nicholas Hannen interprets him, and how excellently he is supported, you must go to see for yourselves. The swift and admirable production of Mr. Lion overcomes many of the handicaps of the method. The play is engrossing, humorous, and deeply moving. Because the dice are not so obviously loaded, because the canvas is broader, the result is more artistically satisfying. It does lose in theatrical effectiveness; but two new qualities appear. The world is no longer exclusively peopled with hawks of respectability—it is a gentler world; and, still greater, we have a hero who inspires—an adventurer in life with a fine soul and a courage that cannot be broken. "Justice" was the play of a propagandist first. "Escape," which presents life without comment—the same theme in a truer and finer spirit—is proof that the artist in Mr. Galsworthy is now the master. No longer are his dramatic virtues negative. He is more than faithful and thoughtful. "Justice" was the story of a defaulting clerk, and Falder's life was without fibre or beauty, and his death roused a sterile sort of pity. "Escape" re-discovers a faith in the human spirit. It

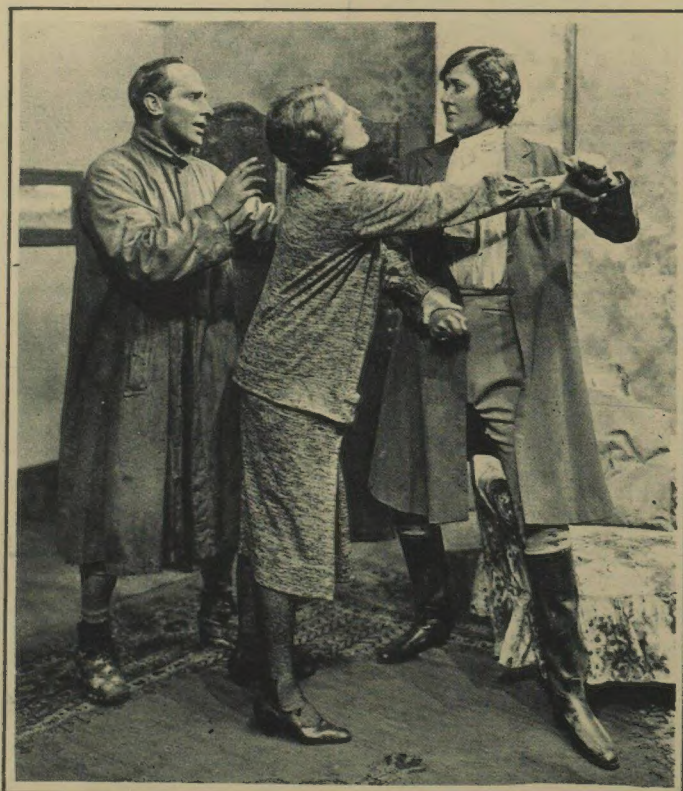
experiments in a new form. Though not wholly successful, the vision is there and the movement of life—to be seen and understood and remembered.—G. F. H.



THE PROLOGUE OF "ESCAPE": THE POLICEMAN (HAROLD LESTER) FINDS THE PLAIN CLOTHES MAN (FRANK FREEMAN) ACCIDENTALLY KILLED BY MATT DENANT.

The Prologue of "Escape," the episodic play by John Galsworthy, recently produced at the Ambassadors, shows how Matt Denant becomes a criminal through a stroke of bad luck. A girl accosts him, and, when the Plain Clothes Man arrests her, he is struck by the injustice of the proceeding, argues, and then resorts to force. He knocks down the detective, who, unluckily, strikes his head on the railings, and is killed instantaneously.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.



THE FUGITIVE IN A COTTAGE OF GENTILITY: MATT DENANT (NICHOLAS HANNEN) AS THE SUBJECT OF A QUARREL BETWEEN MISS GRACE (ANN CODRINGTON) AND MISS DORA (MARGARET HALSTAN, RIGHT).

"Escape" deals with the flight of Matt Denant from Dartmoor. He encounters a number of different types of men and women, and is aided by some and hunted by others. Miss Grace, the churchgoing spinster, would hand him over to justice; but Miss Dora, the hunting woman, is all for helping the fugitive. While the women quarrel, Matt Denant slips out of their cottage.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.

passionate that it blinds the vision and blurs his clear thinking. So it did in "The Show," where in his fierce attack on that perverted prying into

"ESCAPE": THE NEW GALSWORTHY PLAY, WITH A CONVICT HERO.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STAGE PHOTO. CO.



THE ESCAPED CONVICT AND THE SHINGLED LADY IN WHOSE ROOM HE TAKES REFUGE: MR. NICHOLAS HANNEN AND MISS MOLLY KERR.



"IT IS VERY INTERESTING TO HAVE MET A MAN WHO HAS ESCAPED—FROM GERMANY": MATT DENANT (NICHOLAS HANNEN) AND THE OLD GENTLEMAN (LEON M. LION).



THE FUGITIVE SEEKS SANCTUARY IN THE VILLAGE CHURCH: MATT DENANT (NICHOLAS HANNEN), THE PARSON (AUSTIN TREVOR), AND THE FARMER (PAUL GILL).

"Escape," the new episodic play by John Galsworthy, is extremely interesting. In the Prologue, Matt Denant, sportsman, gentleman, and hero of a remarkable escape from Germany during the war, is unlucky enough to knock down a plain clothes detective and kill him accidentally. He is sent to Dartmoor, and the play deals with episodes in his short period of freedom, illustrating the manner in which different people respond to his appeal. The Shingled Lady, in whose bed-room he hides, helps him. She believes in sportsmanship. The Old Gentleman recognises the fugitive in the angler, and, though he gently

baits him, he "winks the other eye" and lets him go. Matt meets other people, including the farmer, whose natural instinct is to hunt the hunted, and the hunting woman who would help the quarry to escape. Finally, he takes refuge in a church and implores Sanctuary. The Parson is uncertain of his duty, but his humanity bids him help, and it is only when he is called on to lie to save the convict that Matt reveals himself—for "a man cannot escape from his own, decent self," and, whatever happens, he cannot let the Man of God be guilty of a lie to save him.

TAKING SEA-ELEPHANTS ALIVE: A THRILLING

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY



MANŌUVRING SECTIONS OF THE CAGE AFTERWARDS LASHED TOGETHER ROUND THE ANGRY ANIMAL: CORRALING A TWO-TON BULL SEA-ELEPHANT AMID A HUDDLED GROUP ON GUADALUPE ISLAND—SHOWING OTHERS ON THE BEACH IN THE BACKGROUND AND HUNDREDS MORE IN THE SURF.



"SCURED IN THE FLOATING CAGE IN WHICH HE WAS ALMOST DROWNED BY BEING KEPT UNDER TOO LONG: THE CAPTURED SEA-ELEPHANT ABOUT TO BE TOWED TO THE SHIP BY A SMALL BOAT—THE COMBINED STRENGTH OF THE WHOLE PARTY NEEDED TO PUSH HIM OFF INTO THE WATER.

Magnificent living specimens of the Sea or Seal Elephant (so called from its short trunk or proboscis), the largest of the pinnipeds, were recently captured on Guadalupe Island, for the San Diego (California) Zoological Society, by a volunteer expedition comprising some twenty officers and men of the U.S. Navy. The island, which belongs to Mexico, lies in the Pacific 140 miles off the Californian coast. The animals once congregated there in thousands, but were slaughtered for their oil, and twenty years ago had been almost exterminated. The expedition, to their surprise, found a large herd of about 450. Sections of strong knock-down cages made of heavy wire and timber were taken ashore in small boats, and by manœuvring "fences" were thrown around groups of the ungainly creatures, which lay about by scores, while even more remained in the water. Those selected were segregated with great difficulty. These were a two-ton bull 14 ft. long, and two cows of 11 and 10 ft. respectively, weighing 1500 lb. each. These elephant-trunked seals show scarcely any fear of

STRUGGLE WITH TONS OF SLUGGISH FEROCITY.

H. J. SHEPSTONE, F.R.G.S.



SLIDING DOWN THE UP-TILTED AND OPENED CAGE INTO HIS NEW QUARTERS: THE ARRIVAL OF THE BIG BULL SEA-ELEPHANT AT THE SAN DIEGO "ZOO."



WITH HIS HUGE MOUTH WIDE OPEN—A SIGN OF ANGER: THE BIG BULL SEA-ELEPHANT ADOPTS A THREATENING ATTITUDE.



SHOWING WELL HIS FACE, TRUNK, WRINKLED NECK, CALM LARGER EYES, AND CAT-LIKE WHISKERS: A FINE PORTRAIT OF THE GREAT BULL SEA-ELEPHANT, 14 FT. LONG AND WEIGHING TWO TONS.

human beings, and make no effort to get away, the males even displaying some ferocity; hence it was a precarious task to noose the old bull and roll him into the improvised pen. He resisted forcefully when the last segment was being lashed in position, tore into the gang generally, and severely lacerated one man's arm and shoulder. Others sustained jolts and bruises. The strength of the entire company was required finally to fix the angry brute in the portable floating prison and tow him with the small boats out to the Naval Reserve ship. There was no crane on the vessel, and the cage had to be hoisted aboard with davits. Twice the pen dropped back into the waves, but each time it was quickly recovered, and at last set on the deck. Though carefully handled, the bull went under too often and, although amphibious, was nearly drowned before reaching the transport. The females were more easily and comfortably taken. In due course they reached the San Diego "Zoo," the second largest in America, and are in splendid condition. At first forced feeding had to be resorted to, but already the trio feel at home, and daily consume 120 lb. of killed fish, rejecting live ones. An oily mackerel type is preferred.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

HOW far is it desirable, in a novel, to blend fact with fiction, history with romance, biography, or autobiography, with imaginative invention? Personally, I think that fact is one thing and fiction is another, and that people and incidents in a novel should be either purely imaginary or exactly historical. I see no justification for relating about a real person events that never occurred, however typical they may be of that person's life and character.

Mr. H. G. Wells has been much exercised in his mind over these questions in connection with his new novel, "THE WORLD OF WILLIAM CLISSOLD," the first volume of which has just appeared (Ernest Benn; 7s. 6d. net). This work is an example of the new type of "three-decker"—three separate books of consecutive interest issued at intervals, instead of the old batch of three volumes published all at once, a system which had its conveniences for family reading. The second volume is announced for Oct. 1, and the third for Nov. 1. The general sub-title is "A Novel at a New Angle," and the whole work is divided into six "books" and an epilogue. The first volume contains Book I, "The Frame of the Picture," and Book II, "The Story of the Clissolds—My Father and the Flow of Things."

Mr. Wells has a bone to pick with reviewers. He starts with "a note before the title-page" which is "not a preface so much as a protest. . . . It is a protest against certain stock tricks of the book reviewer and certain prevalent vulgarities about books. They concern the treatment of opinion in works of fiction and what is called 'putting people into novels.'" I do not know how far I may come under these strictures. I am not conscious of any "stock tricks," and, having as yet reviewed only one of the author's novels—"Christina Alberta's Father"—I think I may so far plead "not guilty." Incidentally, the long list of his previous works prompted me to count how many of them I have read. I got fifteen out of a total of fifty-four, and ten of the fifteen were novels. The other five included "The Outline of History."

The chief complaint of Mr. Wells is that critics confuse him with the characters he creates, and charge him with inconsistency. He admits "an unavoidable element of self-projection" in his characters, as in those of all imaginative authors. "Even Hamlet," he writes, "is believed to be a self-projection of Shakespeare. But, while this is forgiven and taken for granted in the criticism of most authors, it is made a stock grievance against the present writer. It would be a great kindness to a no doubt undeserving author if in this instance William Clissold could be treated as William Clissold, and if Mr. Wells could be spared the standard charge of having changed his views afresh." For my part, I should think no worse of him if he did. It is not a crime to keep an open mind; there is no virtue in a set of fixed ideas; and the man who will not modify his opinions in the light of new evidence or new experience must be either a fool or a fanatic.

Mr. Wells notes, as "something of an innovation," that "a great number of real people are actually named in this story," although it is "a work of fiction, purely and completely." In the first volume we meet, for instance, Dr. Jung, and Mr. Graham Wallas as a master at Dulwich College, while Mr. Wells himself figures as "a distant relative" of William Clissold. Later in the story, we are told, Mr. Bernard Shaw is to "blow into" a Kensington evening in the 'eighties, and Mr. Clissold will lunch with Mr. Keynes. I have already expressed my opinion, without malice, on this matter of introducing actual people into fiction, but Mr. Wells has his own good reasons. "You cannot have a man like William Clissold going about the world of to-day and never meeting anybody one has ever heard of." But is the converse true—need the celebrities meet William Clissold?

Mr. Wells resents also any attempt to identify fictitious characters with living personages. "Cannot those who criticise books and write about books," he asks, "cease to pander to that favourite amusement of vulgar, half-educated, curious, but ill-informed people, the hunt for the imaginary 'originals'? . . . It is really not just to the spirit and intention of a book of this type." Mr. Wells himself, however, forestalls us by giving a clue to the identification of one "original"—"the vignette of a great scientific man at home in Book I, which is partially a portrait." He is here called Sir Rupert York.

Finally, Mr. Wells urges his view that the discussion of opinion is a legitimate element in fiction. "Is it not quite as much 'life' to meet and deal with a new idea as to meet and deal with a new lover? . . . This book, which contains religious, historical, economic, and sociological discussions, which expresses fits of temper and moods of doubt, is at any rate submitted as a novel, as a whole novel, and nothing but a novel, as the story of one man's adventure, body, soul, and intelligence, in life."

Now I am perfectly ready to concede the distinction between Mr. Wells and Mr. Clissold, and to refrain from visiting any sins of the latter upon the former. But I cannot quite see Mr. Clissold; there is so much of his mind, and so little of his body. Apart from the mention of his age, fifty-nine—exactly that of Mr. Wells, by the way—the sketch of his boyhood and his father's financial downfall and suicide, and the brief and breezy eruptions of Clementina, of whose gay company I should have liked more, there is little to bring the man William Clissold before us in the flesh. Unless one can visualise a character, and follow his actions, it is difficult to preserve through long chapters of discussion (and this book is mostly discussion)

them to the frivolous for light holiday reading, but the serious-minded reader will find them highly stimulating. Clissold's wide grasp of the modern world, his satirical denunciation of Karl Marx and the works of Bolshevism, and his faith in a scientific reorganisation of world affairs, present an optimistic view of the future which is revolutionary without being violent. His hope is in the enlightened few rather than the ignorant many. I should like to know what Mr. Wells thinks about it all. Some day, perhaps, he may give us that "mental autobiography" for which at present he is disinclined. I hope it will be to some extent physical also, if not Pepsian.

This is a period, as Mr. Wells says, of "successful personal memoirs," and one very entertaining example is Major Fitzroy Gardner's "MORE REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD BOHEMIAN." With frontispiece and sixteen other illustrations (Hutchinson; 18s. net). It amazes me that this book, so "full of matter," is but a residuum, or second gleanings of memories omitted from its predecessor—"Days and Ways of an Old Bohemian."

When he wrote that work, Major Gardner seems to have forgotten more in the way of amusing anecdote than most men ever learn. He has had a diversified career—in the Courts, in the theatrical world (at the Palace in its variety days, and as manager to Tree and others), in journalism, in travel, and in military service. He has a *flair* for interesting personalities and experiences told in the genial vein of a born raconteur. Nor is he merely a gossip. His comments on life and manners and current affairs are marked by sound common-sense and a kindly philosophic sentiment.

Major Gardner's memories go back sixty years, and as he visited America I dare say that diligent research would discover some links between his reminiscences and "THE MAUVE DECADE": American Life at the end of the Nineteenth Century. By Thomas Beer (Knopf; 12s. 6d. net). The decade in question is that which Mr. Richard Le Gallienne called, in his recent book, "The Romantic 'Nineties,'" and the significance of its hue is indicated by a remark of Whistler's—"Mauve? Mauve is just pink trying to be purple." I take it that Mr. Beer applies the epithet "sarcastic like," for to him the 'nineties were not so much romantic as hypocritical and pretentious.

He is a satirist of his own country. His "Titaness" is the American counterpart of Mrs. Grundy. "The American idea of science," he writes, "was already so inæsthetic that Sinclair Lewis could have written 'Dr. Arrowsmith' with perfect propriety in 1897." Mr. Beer's book is crammed with names and facts and anecdotes, but I must say I find it a little baffling to read—he jumps so quickly from one thing to another; his method is sketchy and allusive; and his tone is bitter and cynical. I am not sure that retrospective satire cuts much ice; to be completely effectual, it must be contemporary.

We revert to an earlier decade of American literature in "EDGAR ALLAN POE." A Study in Genius. By Joseph Wood Krutch (Knopf; 10s. 6d. net). There was nothing "mauve" about the author of "The Murders in the Rue Morgue"; the hue of his disordered imagination was a full purple. Giving his reasons for adding to the vast bibliography of writings about Poe, Mr. Krutch declares that "from this mountain of matter has emerged no solution of his mystery and no generally accepted estimate either of his work or of his character." He himself approaches the enigma anew in the light of modern psychology, and shows the close connection between Poe's writings and the nightmare condition of his mind—"the forces which wrecked his life were those which wrote his works."

I think Mr. Krutch has said all there is to be said on a distressing subject, in a fine spirit of sympathy combined with candour. I do not like the abnormal, and I was never much drawn to Poe's writings; but at least once in his verse he came near to perfect lyrical music and coined an immortal phrase—

Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece,
To the grandeur that was Rome.

The man who penned those lines "To Helen" may have been mad, but he had lucid intervals. C. E. B.



RESTORED TO BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD, WHERE IT STOOD FOR 500 YEARS: A THIRTEENTH-CENTURY OAK GATE, RECENTLY "DISCOVERED" ON AN ESTATE IN ESSEX.

This fine old gate was built for Balliol College, Oxford, in 1288, and remained there till the eighteenth century, when, during demolitions, it was acquired by a Fellow of Magdalen, Dr. Harding Newman, who set it up in a wall on his estate at Nelmes, near Upminster, Essex. The property afterwards changed hands. Recently, by a fortunate chance, the gate came to the notice of Mr. J. Rochelle Thomas, of the Georgian Gallery, King Street, St. James's, who bought it and removed the paint with which it had been covered, revealing the oak in a splendid state of preservation. At his premises it attracted the interest of an old Balliol man, and Mr. Thomas agreed not to part with it to American or other buyers. Eventually it was bought by a group of Balliol men and restored to the College, where it will find a place of honour.—[Photo. Special Press.]

the idea that it is the character speaking and not the author in *propria persona*.

The nature of the difficulty, and of the book, can perhaps be best conveyed by a quotation. "In the next two or three sections," says William Clissold, "I propose to write a short history of human society as a labour-money complex evolved out of the primitive patriarchal family. They will have to be highly concentrated sections. This book, at any rate, is not going to be a home of rest for tired readers. If presently Clementina repeats her aggressions, she will find sheets of discussion about how toil came into the world and what money did for the Roman Empire." It seems to me that, with a little Wellsian ingenuity, Gibbon might have put forward the "Decline and Fall" as a popular novel. I have been immensely interested in William Clissold's intellectual adventures. I do not recommend

The Colour of Oxford: "Alma Mater" of the Dark Blues.

A COLOUR-PHOTOGRAVURE REPRODUCTION AFTER THE DRAWING BY W. DACRES ADAMS. SHOWN IN HIS RECENT EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOURS OF "OXFORD AND ITS COLLEGES," AT THE FINE ART SOCIETY'S GALLERIES



"ST. MARY'S": THE 17TH-CENTURY SOUTH PORCH IN THE HIGH STREET, ONCE MUTILATED BY PURITANS.

The south porch of St. Mary's Church was built in 1637 by Dr. Morgan Owen, Chaplain to Archbishop Laud. The Puritans objected to the figure of the Virgin and Child, and their troopers shot off the heads in 1642. The parish church of St. Mary the Virgin is closely associated with the University. The reproduction, like those on the following pages, is by our colour-photogravure process.

The Colour of Oxford: "Alma Mater" of the Dark Blues.

A COLOUR-PHOTOGRAVURE REPRODUCTION AFTER THE DRAWING BY W. DACRES ADAMS, SHOWN IN HIS RECENT EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOURS OF "OXFORD AND ITS COLLEGES" AT THE FINE ART SOCIETY'S GALLERIES.



"THE CAMERA FROM ALL SOULS' GARDEN": A COLLEGE GATEWAY WITH THE RADCLIFFE LIBRARY BEYOND.

All Souls' College, which is unique as being one for Fellows only, was founded by Archbishop Chichele, in the reign of Henry VI., as a chantry where prayers might be said for the King and himself, before and after death, and "for the souls of all the faithful departed." The buildings were begun in 1438. The Radcliffe "Camera," with its imposing dome, was erected from a bequest by Dr. John Radcliffe, physician to William and Mary and to Queen Anne.

The Colour of Oxford: "Alma Mater" of the Dark Blues.

A COLOUR-PHOTOGRAVURE REPRODUCTION AFTER THE DRAWING BY W. DACRES ADAMS, SHOWN IN HIS RECENT EXHIBITION OF WATER COLOURS OF "OXFORD AND ITS COLLEGES," AT THE FINE ART SOCIETY'S GALLERIES.



"QUEEN'S COLLEGE": THE FOURTEENTH-CENTURY FOUNDATION OF QUEEN PHILIPPA'S CHAPLAIN.

Queen's College, Oxford, was founded in 1340 by Robert de Eglesfield, Chaplain to Queen Philippa, the famous consort of Edward III., who interceded with him for the Burghers of Calais. The college was originally called Aula Scholarium Reginæ, and was intended both for students of theology and civil law, and to provide education for a number of "poor boys," the precursors of modern scholarship-holders.

The Colour of Oxford: "Alma Mater" of the Dark Blues.

A COLOUR-PHOTOGRAVURE REPRODUCTION AFTER THE DRAWING BY W. DACRES ADAMS, SHOWN IN HIS RECENT EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOURS OF "OXFORD AND ITS COLLEGES," AT THE FINE ART SOCIETY'S GALLERIES.



"TRINITY COLLEGE": THE QUADRANGLE AND CHAPEL (ON RIGHT) SAID TO HAVE BEEN DESIGNED
BY SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.

Trinity College, Oxford, stands on the site of an older thirteenth-century foundation for monks from Durham, and known as Durham College, which was suppressed by Henry VIII. in 1540 at the dissolution of the monasteries. Parts of the ancient building still exist. The college was re-founded and dedicated to the Trinity in 1554-5, by Sir Thomas Pope, who, under Queen Mary, had the custody of Princess (afterwards Queen) Elizabeth.

THE "ASHES" REGAINED: THE END OF A HISTORIC TEST MATCH.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., SPORT AND GENERAL, AND TOPICAL.



A RACE TO THE PAVILION BETWEEN PLAYERS AND SPECTATORS AFTER THE FALL OF THE LAST AUSTRALIAN WICKET: THE GREAT CROWD BEGINS TO SURGE ACROSS THE GROUND.



A CONTRAST IN BLACK AND WHITE: A WAITER WITH DRINKS FOR THE ENGLISH TEAM ON THE FIELD—(L. TO R.) STRUDWICK, HOBBS, AND CHAPMAN; (EXTREME R.) TATE.



CLOSING IN ON THE PLAYERS AS THEY RUSHED TO THE PAVILION AT THE END OF THE MATCH: THE CROWD OF 20,000 ENTHUSIASTS WHO STOOD FOR HALF AN HOUR CHEERING THE TWO TEAMS, THE ENGLISH SELECTION COMMITTEE, AND THE HEROES OF THE MATCH, AFTER ENGLAND'S VICTORY.



POPULAR INTEREST IN THE STREETS OF LONDON DURING THE FINAL STAGES OF THE GREAT MATCH: A HUGE CROWD IN THE STRAND FOLLOWING THE SCORE DISPLAYED OUTSIDE A NEWSPAPER OFFICE.



THE VETERAN YORKSHIRE BOWLER, WHOSE FINE PERFORMANCE HELPED TOWARDS ENGLAND'S TRIUMPH, RECEIVES A SPECIAL OVATION: RHODES ACKNOWLEDGING CHEERS FROM THE BALCONY OF THE OVAL PAVILION

English cricket has at last arisen, Phoenix-like, from its "ashes." The historic Test Match fought to a finish at the Oval ended on August 18 in a sensational victory for England by 289 runs, the scores being—England, first innings, 280; second innings, 436. Australia, 302 and 125. England has thus won the "rubber" for the first time since 1912. The result was largely due to the splendid partnership of Hobbs and Sutcliffe, who made 100 and 161 respectively in the second innings, and to the fine bowling of Rhodes (the forty-nine-year-old Yorkshireman).

To defeat so fine a team as the Australians thus heavily was a great achievement. England had the luck of the weather on the last day, in the rain that fell before Australia went in, with 415 to make in order to win—a formidable task. The pleasantest feature of the match was the good feeling and sportsmanship on both sides and among the crowd, who at the close cheered the Australians as heartily as their own heroes. The two captains came out on to the balcony together, and Mr. Collins patted Mr. Chapman on the back.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



SOME WONDERFUL WATER-PLANTS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

FOR a brief space I am enjoying the freedom of the open air, miles from the nearest railway-station and other terrors of civilisation. Though "a citizen of no mean city," I find life much more to my liking here, where I can see great stretches of reed-fringed water, spangled with water-lilies, and corn-fields "whitening to the harvest," which in these parts has but just begun. Most of my days, however, are spent on or near the water, which harbours problems enough to serve for a lifetime. Just now I am trying to gain a little insight into the life histories of some of our water-plants, many of which are strangely interesting. One of these is the "water-soldier" (*Stratoides aloides*). Time was when you would have searched the little Broad beside which I am now writing in vain for this strange plant. It was certainly not there on the occasion of my first visit, twenty years ago. After the war I returned to its peaceful solitudes and found it in most unwelcome abundance. People were coming from long distances to see it. They were welcome to take it away in wagon-loads—but unfortunately they didn't! How it got there no one knows. But, once my curiosity was assuaged, I agreed that it was an unmitigated nuisance. Rowing was absolutely impossible.

Those to whom this plant is yet unknown may gather some idea of its appearance if they contrive to conjure up a semblance to a huge rosette, some

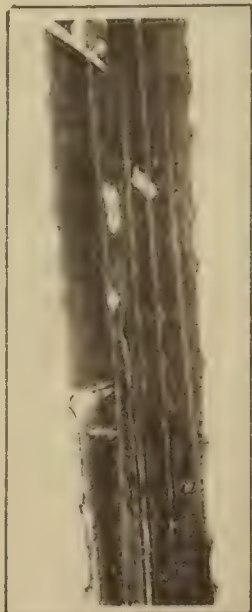


FIG. 1.—WITH SPINY EDGES WHOSE PURPOSE IS OBSCURE: PART OF A LEAF OF A WATER-SOLDIER.

plant is an alien to our waters, though when or by what agency it was introduced no one knows. In an accompanying photograph the curiously shaped calyx from which the petals have just dropped is shown (Fig. 4). When the flowering is over the plant sinks again to mature its fruit, and seeds—where these have been fertilised—and at the same time it develops daughter plants, replicas of the parent, and attached thereto by long stalks. The parent, with her family of youngsters, now rises to the surface for a time. In the autumn the connecting stalk between parent and offspring rots away, and both sink again to hibernate.

The method of vegetative reproduction, as distinct from reproduction by seed, which obtains in the water-soldier has an even more interesting counterpart in the case of the curled pond-weed (*Potamogeton crispus*) (Fig. 2). This plant lives in slow-running brooks, and in summer raises its flower-spikes above the surface of the water. In the autumn the stems of this plant undergo a modification whereby they come to terminate in a short axis bearing a few pairs of leaves somewhat different from those of the rest of the plant; and as soon as this modified portion has completed its development it breaks away from the parent plant, armed with a spike-like base. As soon as it has become detached the shoot sinks to the bottom, the spiked base affording anchorage in the mud, and here it rests till the spring starts its growth into a new plant like its parent.

By this curious process the range of the species is spread, for as soon as this shoot is set free, and as it is slowly sinking, it is inevitably borne off some distance by the current of the stream from its parent, and by this means overcrowding is avoided, and the plant is furthermore compensated for the possible failure to ripen its seeds. The flowers present an extremely interesting illustration of a device, if such we may call it, whereby self-fertilisation is prevented—that is to say, of ensuring that the seeds shall be fertilised by pollen from a different plant. In some flowers you will find the large, fleshy stigmas already ready to receive pollen, while the anthers close beside them are as yet enclosed within the enveloping "petals." In another the stigmas have withered up, and here the "petals" have opened to expose the anthers. No sooner are they uncovered than a large slit converts the anther into a gaping fissure, from which issues a copious supply of yellow pollen, of a mealy consistency. If sufficient wind is blowing at the moment of the escape of the pollen, some will at once be blown on to the ripe stigmas of neighbouring plants, but some will fall into the cup-shaped petals which, till now, enclosed the anthers. This pollen remains in these little pockets till the next puff of wind, when some or all of it will be dispersed to continue the work of fertilisation, if the fates be kind, or to be wasted on the surrounding water.

There appear to be no fewer than four-and-twenty distinct species of *Potamogeton* native to our ponds and rivers. Some of these are very rare, others have a very restricted range. One species, I am told, is peculiar to the River Loddon. There are also many well-known hybrids, which, having regard to the promiscuous way in which the pollen is dispersed, is not to be wondered at.

And now I come to the most singular method of pollen-dispersal yet discovered, for herein this most precious substance is borne to its destination in a little boat (Fig. 3). This case is furnished by the weed so familiar in our household aquariums, *Vallisneria spiralis*, and which is so abundant in the still waters of Southern Europe. Some plants develop male and some female flowers only. And the latter are borne on long stalks to enable the flower to come to rest on the surface of the water. Each bud, as it reaches the surface, is enveloped in a kind of bladder. When this opens three short petals and three large sepals unfold themselves, and the stigmas, which are large and finely fringed, open out, overarching the short petals to reach as close as possible to the water.

The male flowers are utterly different, for they are also enclosed within a bladder; but this is borne on a short stalk near the bottom. The flower-buds are attached by short stems standing up within the centre

of the bladder. When the buds are ripe the bladder opens, and the flower buds detach themselves from the stem and float to the surface, still closed and globular. Soon after they open. The concave leaflets, or sepals, which enclosed them are thrown back, and assume the appearance of three boats joined at one end, exposing a pair of stamens, the anthers of which almost at once burst, to release the pollen, which coheres in masses and is waterproof. As these anthers project obliquely above the water they easily catch the wind, and are thus driven hither and thither, till

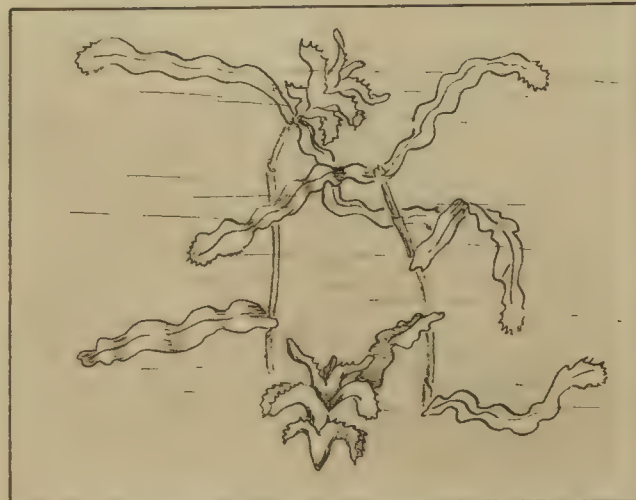


FIG. 2.—A WATER PLANT THAT POSSESSES TWO METHODS OF REPRODUCTION: THE CURLED POND-WEED.

From a Drawing by Miss Barbara Pycraft.

The Curled Pond-weed, and its allies, possess two means of reproduction—the one by seeds, the other by special shoots which develop in the autumn, and, breaking off from the parent stem, sink to the bottom and anchor themselves by a spike-shaped base.

presently some are brought into touch with the fringed and sticky stigmas turned to receive the precious dust. Directly after the adhesion of the pollen the flower is drawn under the water by the spiral coiling of the stem, and the coiling is continued till the ovary is brought to within a few inches of the bottom, there to await the ripening of the seed, which, falling into the mud, awaits the coming of the spring. The complexity

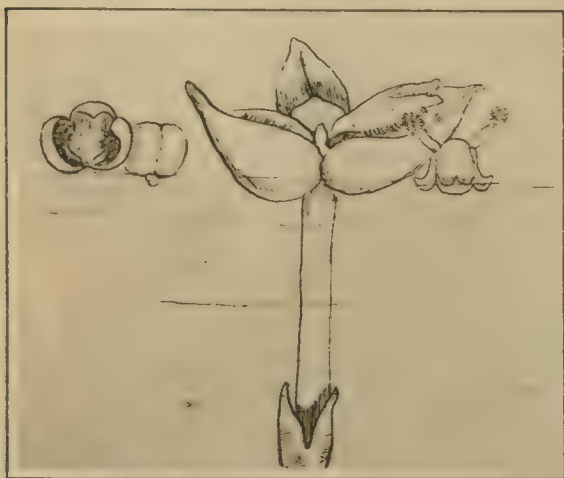


FIG. 3.—POLLEN CONVEYED TO THE STIGMA BY "BOAT": *VALLISNERIA SPIRALIS*—A PLANT WITH THE STRANGEST METHOD OF FERTILISATION YET DISCOVERED.

From a Drawing by Miss Barbara Pycraft.

The means to secure fertilisation in the case of *Vallisneria spiralis* are indeed singular, for the pollen is conveyed to the stigmas by means of little boats formed by a special modification of the male flower, which becomes detached from the parent plant and drifts about on the surface of the water till it meets with a female flower, or perishes. In this drawing, on the left, is seen the flower-bud opening, and one as yet enclosed in its "bladder." On the right the fully developed flower is seen attaching its pollen to the pistils of the female flower.

eighteen inches across, formed of long, narrow, outwardly curving leaves, armed along their edges with formidable spines (Fig. 1) and anchored to the bottom by long roots. Throughout the winter it lies hidden well down in the water; but with the spring it rises to the surface, and during the early summer sends up its flower-stalks, bearing white flowers with three petals, on short thick stalks. But, strangely enough, only female flowers are produced, so that no seed is ever set. This fact suffices to show that the

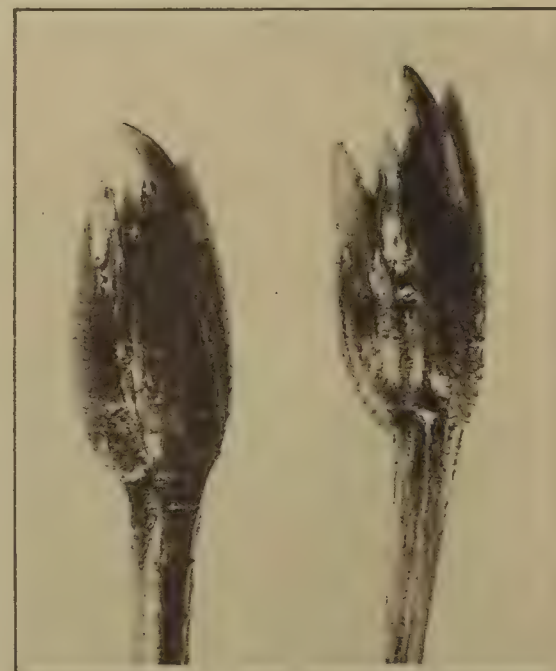


FIG. 4.—A PLANT OF WHICH ONLY FEMALES HAVE REACHED THIS COUNTRY, FROM AN UNKNOWN SOURCE: THE WATER-SOLDIER—THE CALYX AFTER THE PETALS HAVE FALLEN.

No one seems to know how or when the Water-soldier was introduced into this country, and it is curious that only the female plant has gained admission. But on this account no seeds are ever set.

of this arrangement is almost incredible. But all who will take the trouble can watch this train of wonderful events for themselves.

NEW RELICS OF MAN 20,000 YEARS OLD: THE GIBRALTAR SKULL.

PHOTOGRAPHS REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE DISCOVERER, MISS D. A. E. GARROD. NO. 1 BY BEANLAND, MALIN AND CO., GIBRALTAR.



FIG. 1.—SHOWING THE APPROXIMATE POSITION (MARKED WITH A CROSS, CENTRE FOREGROUND) WHERE THE SKULL WAS FOUND, IN A STRATUM CONTAINING MOUSTERIAN IMPLEMENTS AND ABUNDANT ANIMAL REMAINS: A VIEW OF THE DEPOSITS AT DEVIL'S TOWER, GIBRALTAR, AT THE FOOT OF LOFTY CLIFFS.

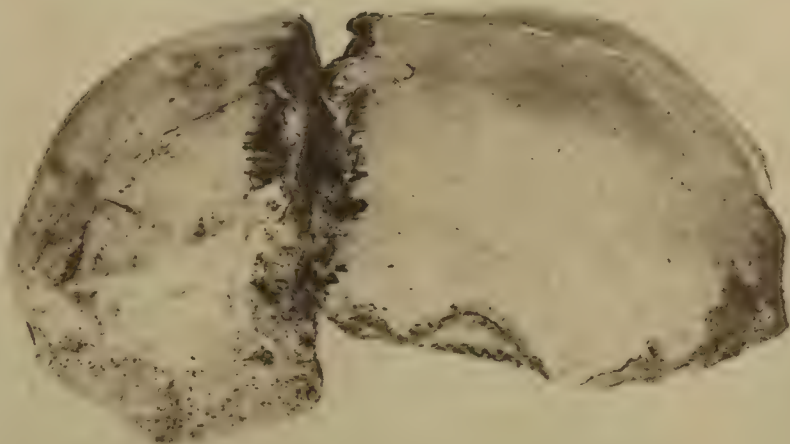


FIG. 2.—THE SKULL AFTER CLEANING: THE FRONTAL (LEFT) AND LEFT PARIETAL, IN PROFILE—SHOWING THE GAP BETWEEN THE TWO BONES DUE TO THE ADHERENCE OF TRAVERTINE ON THEIR INNER SIDES.



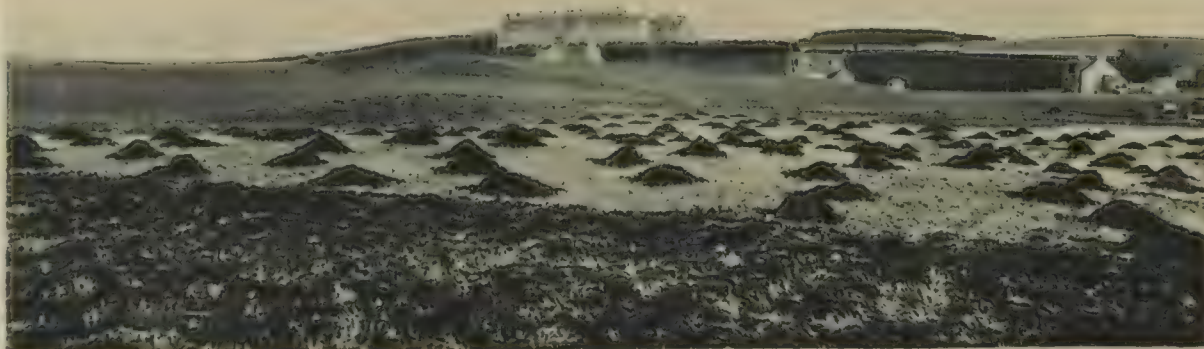
FIG. 3.—SHOWING THE LOW SKULL, BROAD NASAL RIDGE, AND ABSENCE OF BIG BROW RIDGES—A SIGN OF YOUTH: A FULL-FACE VIEW OF THE FRONTAL—THAT OF A BOY OF EIGHT OR TEN.

The Gibraltar skull, an important new link in the record of prehistoric man, was found last June (as noted in our issue of July 3) by Miss D. A. E. Garrod, working with grants from the Percy Sladen Memorial Fund, on a site at Gibraltar discovered originally by the Abbé Breuil in 1917. It is a rock-shelter near Devil's Tower, and excavations revealed typical Mousterian implements with associated animal remains. Miss Garrod recently read a paper on her discovery before the Anthropology Section of the British Association at Oxford. She said that the Mousterian date of the skull was beyond doubt, and this opinion was confirmed

during the subsequent discussion by the Abbé Breuil and Sir Arthur Keith. The skull has been removed from its hard matrix by workers in the Department of Human Anatomy at Oxford, with the advice of Professor Arthur Thomson. In a letter to us, Miss Garrod says: "Owing to the travertine which still adheres to the inner side of both bones (Fig. 2), we have not been able to bring the two bones into contact. Sir Arthur Keith considers the skull is that of a child about ten years of age." In his "Antiquity of Man," Sir Arthur states that the Mousterian age probably began some 40,000 years ago and lasted for 20,000 years.

TURNBERRY'S UNIQUE "WRACK LAW": SEAWEEED-GATHERING IN AYRSHIRE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL PRESS.



A VALUABLE FERTILISER FOR POTATO CROPS: "WRACK" (SEAWEEED) SPREAD OVER A FIELD ON THE AYRSHIRE COAST—SHOWING THE L.M.S. TURNBERRY HOTEL IN THE BACKGROUND.



SIGNALLING TO FARMS THAT "WRACK-LIFTING" MAY BEGIN: MRS. MACORMACK, THE OFFICIAL "FLAG-WOMAN," ON A HILL-TOP AT DAWN.



WHERE VAST MASSES OF "WRACK" DRIFT IN ON THE TIDES: CARTS ON THE BEACH AT TURNBERRY LOADING UP WITH SEAWEEED AFTER THE SIGNAL HAS BEEN GIVEN.



WHERE "WRACK-LIFTING" (SEAWEEED-GATHERING) IS CONTROLLED BY A UNIQUE LOCAL "LAW" FOR THE BENEFIT OF NEIGHBOURING FARMERS: THE END OF A "LIFT"—CARTS LOADED WITH "WRACK" RETURNING TO THE FARMS AS THE TIDE COMES IN.

The unwritten law which controls the "lifting" (collecting) of "wrack" (seaweed) at Turnberry, Ayrshire, is unique. Enormous amounts of the "wrack" are washed up at certain tides and left in huge masses at the high-water mark, and the times for the "lifts" are posted in public places for all to see, the official "timer" being Mr. J. Duff, the Turnberry blacksmith. In order that farmers from near and far may have an equal chance, a large flag is held up on a hill-top by the official "flag-woman" (Mrs. Macormack) at the appointed time for the "lift," this being the signal that carts may be sent to collect

the seaweed from the beach and transport it direct to the fields for use as fertiliser. It is specially suitable for potato crops. No "wrack" may be "lifted" until the flag is "up." The area of beach over which the flag at topmast is law extends for about five miles in front of the Turnberry Hotel. Sometimes as many as forty carts are being loaded in one spot. There are, of course, other places in Scotland where "wrack" is "lifted" in large quantities, but Turnberry farmers are alone in having their own "wrack law," their official "lift-timer" and official "flag-woman."

BOULOGNE'S GREAT RELIGIOUS PAGEANT: "BLESSING THE NETS."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.



SHOWING THE STREETS AND HOUSES DRAPED AND FESTOONED WITH FISHING-NETS: THE GRAND PROCESSION OF NOTRE DAME DE BOULOGNE—THE CENTRAL FIGURE, WEARING A CROWN, AND HER TRAIN OF LITTLE GIRLS, IN THE CHIEF RELIGIOUS FESTIVAL OF THE YEAR.



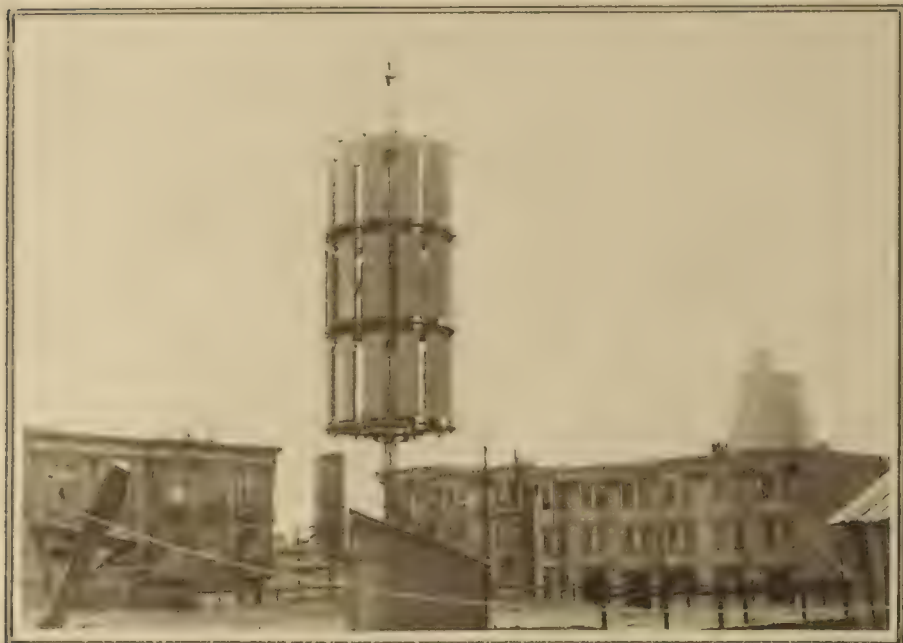
POSSIBLY TO SYMBOLISE THE STILLING OF THE STORM ON GALILEE? AN UPLIFTED HAND WITHIN A LITTLE SHRINE ON A MODEL SHIP, BORNE ON THE SHOULDERS OF BOULOGNE FISHER-GIRLS IN THEIR PICTURESQUE COSTUMES, DURING THE FESTIVAL OF "BLESSING THE NETS."

The Grand Procession of Notre Dame de Boulogne takes place annually in August, and this summer it was held on Sunday, August 22. It is the great local religious pageant of the year, and with it is associated a ceremony known as "The Blessing of the Nets." Other religious processions take place in connection with the Feast of Corpus Christi. The fisher-folk of Boulogne inhabit the old quarter of the town known as La Beurrière, which is built into the cliff, and has quaint streets of steps leading to the Quai Gambetta. On the occasion of the Procession

of Our Lady of Boulogne the fisher-girls wear their picturesque traditional costumes. A group of them act as bearers of a small shrine consisting of a model ship and above it a receptacle containing an uplifted hand. Our correspondent who sends the photograph does not explain the significance of this emblem, and we have been unable to trace it in any works of reference. It might appropriately be taken to recall the stilling of the storm on Galilee, but this explanation, we should add, is quite conjectural.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEW ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, PETER ZACHARY (CAIRO), PHOTOPRESS, AND G.P.A.



THE "ROTOR" SHIP PRINCIPLE APPLIED TO POWER FOR LAND MACHINERY: A NEW WIND-MOTOR, IN THE FORM OF A REVOLVING CYLINDER, DEVISED BY A SAN FRANCISCO INVENTOR.



AN ARABIAN PRINCE VISITING EGYPT TO CONSULT AN OCULIST, AND PERHAPS TO REMOVE POLITICAL MISUNDERSTANDINGS: THE EMIR SAUD (CENTRE, IN GLASSES), SON OF SULTAN IBN SAUD, ON ARRIVAL IN CAIRO.



AMONG THE HAYSTACKS WITH WHICH IT COLLIDED, NARROWLY MISSING A FARMER AND HIS MEN: THE WRECK OF A PARIS-LONDON AIR-LINER IN ROMNEY MARSH—ENGINES AND PROPELLER.



AFTER THE DISASTER AT HURST, ROMNEY MARSH, IN WHICH THE PILOT AND TWO PASSENGERS WERE KILLED, AND ELEVEN INJURED: A CRUMPLED WING OF THE AEROPLANE.



"GIVE HIM LEAVE; HE IS A KIND OF CHAMELEON": THE FIRST SPECIMEN OF THE RHINOCEROS-HORNED CHAMELEON TO BE SEEN AT THE "ZOO."

Mr. John Fletcherford, of San Francisco, has invented a new wind-motor to generate power for machinery or for purposes of irrigation. It consists of a vertical revolving cylinder acting on the same principle as those of Flettner's "rotor" ship.—The Emir Saud, eldest son of the Wahabi chief, Sultan Ibn Saud of Nejd and the Hejaz, recently arrived in Cairo with a suite of twenty-three persons. His primary object was to consult an oculist, but it was thought that the opportunity might be taken to remove any misunderstandings caused by the attack on an Egyptian pilgrimage to Mecca.—In the wreck of the French air-liner on a farm at the village of Hurst, in Romney Marsh, on August 18, during a flight from Paris to London, two passengers were killed on the spot and eleven



"NO LARGER THAN A MAN'S HAND": A PEBAS ARMADILLO, LESS THAN SIX INCHES LONG, HEAVILY "ARMOURED," AND WITH LARGE EARS, PRESENTED TO THE "ZOO."

others injured. The two killed were Signor Hugo Rizzi, the well-known manager of the Ambassador Club in London, and formerly of Ciro's, and Mr. Robert Blaney, an American student, of Boston. The pilot, M. de Lisle, died in Folkestone Hospital the next day. Owing to thick mist, he was making a forced landing, when the aeroplane collided with a barn and some haystacks, narrowly missing a farmer and his men.—The "Zoo" has lately acquired some very interesting new specimens. The rhinoceros-horned chameleon, whose name is obviously justified by its appearance, is said to be the first ever seen there. Like all chameleons, it has the power of changing colour. Two little Pebas armadillos, less than six inches long, have been presented by Dr. Burgess Barnett.

Fashions &



A becoming wide-brimmed hat of velour trimmed with velvet, from the well-known salons of Woolland Bros.

Paris Hems Touch Ankle or Knee.

Already the first secrets of the new fashions have been revealed by the Paris dress shows, and, on the whole, one is left more bewildered than ever. In the evening frocks, for instance, which are always awaited with such interest, there are waists at the normal place, rivalled by Persian girdles low on the hips and then, when these two modes are firmly established, there comes a frock perfectly straight from shoulder to hem, upsetting all one's calculations. There are godets, too, swinging side by side with flounced skirts and frilly ones, so that even there the silhouette is variable. And the length? That, of course, is the burning question of the moment, and every woman blessed with slender legs will rejoice to hear that knee-length skirts are still the vogue for filmy dance frocks in chiffon and lace. Strangely enough, the taffeta *robe de style*, for which everyone predicted a short life in the spring, has reappeared in the autumn modes, higher waisted, and with skirts in some collections reaching to the ankles. Sometimes the entire overskirt is made of net, but more often it is of taffeta with inlet bands of net, revealing a contrasting coloured slip beneath.

Black Lace and Pink Chiffon.

In Paris just now, hundreds of black lace evening frocks are making their debut, worn over shell-pink. If the frock has an entire covering of black, the lace is the filmiest cobweb imaginable, and looks almost like a tracery over the pink; but if it is of the heavy embroidered variety, it usually opens on pink, coat-fashion, caught by a single jewelled clasp in the centre. Some, too, have tiny capes or shoulder draperies of pink chiffon lined with the lace or vice versa. The same colour scheme may be carried out, too, in black taffeta, with wide bands of lace showing a taffeta underskirt of palest bois-de-rose. At night, to a certain extent, and in the afternoon most emphatically, fringe is a trimming which will be seen everywhere. It is used for straight dresses with slanting borders and drooping shoulder draperies, and some wonderful shaded colourings are to be found. Again, pink and black are strongly allied, and some frocks have the top of pink chiffon and the entire skirt of fringe shading to black. The blending of colours is a favourite caprice this autumn, and lovely shades of russet and red-gold have been chosen for frocks which are completed with a huge chrysanthemum at one side, with long, trailing stalks of gold



A new autumn model of felt trimmed with petersham, introducing the fashionable crown, which may be found at Woolland Bros., Knightsbridge, S.W.

PARIS IS SHOWING A CHARMING VERSATILITY IN THE NEW MODES, AND IMAGINATION IS ALLOWED TO WANDER CAPRICIOUSLY AMONGST FRILLS AND FLOUNCES, REVEALING ANKLES OR KNEES AS SHE PLEASES.

or silver. Which reminds me that fascinating miniature chrysanthemums and dahlias are flowering by the thousand to take the place of the ubiquitous carnation in our autumn buttonholes.

Fancies



Very new, with its soft, folded crown, is this smart little felt hat for town and country from Woollands.

New Hats for the Autumn.

There is infinite variety in the new autumn hats; brims may be small or large, turned up or down, and the crowns "punched" and folded with a gay insouciance. Three models, characteristic of the latest modes, are pictured on this page. The wide-brimmed affair is a velour trimmed with velvet, and the two others are of felt in soft autumn colourings. They were photographed in the salons of Woolland Bros., Knightsbridge, S.W., where the one on the extreme right may be obtained for 59s. 6d. Then 29s. 6d. will secure a Breton sailor in felt with the fashionable large firm brim, or alternatively a felt with a béret crown and tiny mushroom brim. The new "spotted" felts are also of importance this season, and these are available in many colours, while featherweight sports hats of Angora in lovely colours can be secured for 2½ guineas.

Tailored Suits and Three-Piece Coats.

The Paris dress shows have already proved that three-piece and jumper suits, sometimes an alliance of the two, will be extremely fashionable this autumn. Pictured on this page, for instance, is a new French model which may be studied in the salon of Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W. It is a jumper suit of very fine repp, the panels on the skirt and the jumper facings being trimmed with rows of stitching. The vest and cuffs are of crêpe-de-Chine. Surprising though it may seem, the price is only 7½ guineas, and, if desired, for a slight additional cost, there is a long coat to match. Another smart two-piece is of grey tweed, the skirt trimmed with tiny tucks, and the coat with a long roll collar of kimmer fur. Coats and skirts are, of course, indispensable in the autumn, and one perfectly cut suit which is delightful for town or country can be secured for 6½ guineas in these salons, made of smooth Saxony suiting in blended shades of browns and greys.

Gazelda for the Sportswoman.

Fashion has created something new and delightful for her sports coats, waistcoats, and suits during the coming season. Neither a fabric nor a textile, it is a super-leather called Gazelda, soft as velvet, and particularly easy to cut or to drape. The loveliest colours, including soft pastel shades, are available, and the practical qualities are many. Gazelda gives the utmost service, for it will resist rain and wind, yet allow perfect ventilation, so that it is cool in summer and warm in winter. In addition, it will not weather-harden, spot, or soil, and is washable. Sports jackets and suits of Gazelda are to be found at the leading outfitters



Very fine repp trimmed with stitching and completed with a gilet of crêpe-de-Chine expresses this well-cut jumper suit from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W. It may be obtained with or without a coat to match, which makes it doubly useful.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELWIN NEAME.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE QUEEN, after her visit to Sandringham and to Goldsborough Hall, is joining the King this Sunday at Balmoral, where, according to present plans, their Majesties will spend the rest of this month and the whole of next. The Queen's visit to York Cottage



HOSTESS AT INVERCAULD, FOR HER STEPFATHER, MR. JOHNSTON: LADY APSLEY.

Photograph by Hay Wrightson.

was to see how far operations on Sandringham Hall had advanced, and to make further plans for its re-organisation for their Majesties' occupation. It is unlikely that it will be ready for this autumn, as much had to be done. King Edward kept it fairly up to date, but since his time many improvements in country houses have been inaugurated, and the Queen is conversant with them all and will have Sandringham absolutely modernised. The Deeside season commences in real earnest when their Majesties are in residence at Balmoral. The Princess Royal is at Mar Lodge; also Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught and the Earl of Macduff, who celebrated his twelfth birthday on the 9th. The Earl and Countess of Shaftesbury and the Hon. Sir Derek and Lady Keppel are quartered in houses near Balmoral, lent to them by the King. Mr. Johnston is at Invercauld, where his step-daughter, Lady Apsley, does the honours for him. She is a travelled lady, and did actual colonist's work in Australia, when Lord Apsley went there under an assumed name as a squatter, to find out for himself the conditions for emigrants, and was joined by his sporting and open-air loving wife. Lord Apsley, who has the D.S.O., and is Private Secretary to the Parliamentary Secretary of the Overseas Trade Department, is a good sportsman and a very capable and clever man. Lady Apsley and her sister, Lady Somers, are joint heiresses of the late Captain Bertram Meeking, and are handsome and charming young married women.

Lady Storrs, whose husband, Sir Ronald Storrs, has been appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Island of Cyprus, was married to the new Governor at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, by his father, the Dean of Rochester, in 1923. Sir Ronald was then Governor of Jerusalem, and some dignitaries of the Eastern Church attended the wedding. Lady Storrs has since then been hostess to some distinguished visitors to Jerusalem, including Lady (then Mrs. Austen) Chamberlain and her daughter, Miss Diane Chamberlain. Lady Storrs is the daughter of Rear-Admiral the Hon. Algernon Littleton, and married first Lieutenant-Colonel H. A. Clowes, of Norbury Hall, Derbyshire, who was in the Life Guards, and died on active service in 1916. She will find Cyprus a beautiful and delightful place, as since it has come under British rule it has been drained and its natural beauties exploited to the full.



THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF EXETER AND THEIR CHILDREN: L. TO R. (STANDING)—LORD BURGHLEY, LORD MARTIN CECIL; AND (SEATED ON THE GROUND) LADY WINIFRED CECIL AND LADY ROMAYNE CECIL.

Photograph by Miss Compton Collier.

The Marquess and Marchioness of Exeter will have Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles as guest on Oct. 30, when her Royal Highness will open the new children's and maternity wards in the local infirmary, for which Lord Exeter has got together £12,000.



WIFE OF THE NEWLY APPOINTED GOVERNOR AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ISLAND OF CYPRUS: LADY STORRS.

Photograph by Lafayette.

Lady Winifred Cecil, the elder of Lady Exeter's two daughters, is a great favourite with all who know her, and is a handsome girl. With her mother and her younger brother, Lord Martin Cecil, she has been staying at Bolton Hall with Lady Exeter's brother and sister-in-law, Lord and Lady Bolton, for shooting on Wensleydale Moors. Lord Burghley, the elder son, is a fine athlete.



HOSTESS TO THE EX-KING AND QUEEN OF GREECE AT BESTWOOD LODGE: LADY BOWDEN.

Photograph by Lafayette.



A fully illustrated Catalogue of Ladies & Gentlemen's fitted Cases will be sent upon request

Mappin Dressing Cases

This beautifully made Dressing Case, in Morocco Leather, is conveniently fitted with a service of engine-turned Sterling Silver Toilet Requisites with Gold borders. The Toilet Bottles and Jars, in finest quality cut glass, are fitted with Sterling Silver and Gold mounts to match £150

Amongst the Company's selection of Dressing Cases are the following:—

Fitted with plain Sterling Silver	£16 10 0
Engine turned Sterling Silver	35 0 0
Tortoiseshell and Sterling Silver	65 0 0
Ivory	75 0 0
Beautiful enamel and Silver gilt	80 0 0
A Dressing Case with solid Gold fittings	350 0 0

Inspection is cordially invited



London.

158 162, Oxford St. W. 1
172, Regent St. W. 1.

MAPPIN & WEBB

Facing Mansion House
2, Queen Victoria
Street, E.C. 4.



OLD SAYINGS SERIES No. 5

“No room to swing a cat”

A VERY old Navy phrase in allusion to the confined space between decks on board old-time men-o'-war, which was so cramped that there was no room for a bosun's mate to swing a cat-o'-nine-tails, when administering floggings.

Another origin sometimes claimed is in a letter written to the Admiralty, in 1814, by a Naval Commander, who stated that the cabin allotted to him “under the poop deck 'midships is so confined that there is not space enough to swing a cott.” The cott was a bed-frame suspended from the beams.

Born 1820—
Still going Strong!

The most popular saying to-day is
“Johnnie Walker, please!”

CHESS.

L W CAFFERATA (Farndon).—You share with two other solvers the credit of discovering the "cook" of No. 3985. We fear our appreciation of your skill is not as warm as it should be.

J W SMEDLEY (Oldham).—The composer of No. 3983 has received no higher compliment than the one conveyed in your letter.

P COOPER (Balham).—While it is a rule—subject to limited exceptions—that White should not make a capture on his first move, the merits of a problem are supposed to be enhanced if Black, on the other hand, is allowed to take a piece, and the bigger the better.

MISS E F RUTHERFORD (Saratoga Springs, N.Y.).—Your proposed solution of No. 3982 is at least an enterprising one; but you have omitted—amongst other things, be it said—to observe no provision is made for the various checks open to Black's Queen.

REV. W SCOTT (Elgin).—B to Q 5th will not do, because you have overlooked Black's reply of 1. R takes P (ch). You may console yourself, however, with the reflection that you have a companion in misfortune over this problem.

R C DURELL (Alberta).—It is a pleasure to hear from you again. We quite missed the regularity of your solutions. We hope in your new home you will continue to find interest and enjoyment in the column.

F G COLLINGS (Hulme, Manchester).—Although you omitted to enclose the solutions, you are unfortunately quite right about No. 3985. As regards your problem, while it has some constructional merits, the position of Black's King is a very hackneyed one; and the double threat of White's Kt, after the key move, leaves the field open to more than half-a-dozen duals, quite fatal to the value of the position.

CHESS IN SCOTLAND.

Game played at Edinburgh in the Championship Tournament of the British Chess Federation, between Messrs. YATES and MICHELL. The result of this game carried with it the first place in the competition. (French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. Y.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. Y.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	Queen Pawns, and therefore properly keeps his Rook at home till the danger passes.	
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th		
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to Kt 5th		
4. P takes P	P takes P		
5. B to Q 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd		
6. K Kt to K 2nd	K Kt to K 2nd		
7. Castles	Castles		
8. P to Q R 3rd	B takes Kt		

The logical sequence of his third move, which is generally condemned by the authorities on account of this very capture. Steinitz was most emphatic in his disapproval.

9. P takes B Kt to B 4th
10. Kt to Kt 3rd Kt to Q 3rd
11. Q to B 3rd Kt to K 2nd
12. R to K sq P to Q B 3rd
13. Q to R 5th Kt to Kt 3rd
14. B to K Kt 5th P to K B 3rd

This loses a Pawn, but there is nothing else to do. If now—Q to Q 2nd; 15. R to K 7th wins.

15. B to R 4th Q to Q 2nd
16. B takes Kt P takes B
17. Q takes Kt P Q to Kt 5th
18. Q takes Q B takes Q
19. P to K B 3rd B to Q 2nd
20. Kt to B sq KR to K sq
21. P to Q R 4th Kt to B 5th
22. P to K Kt 4th P to K Kt 4th
23. B to B 2nd R takes R
24. B takes R

White has to guard against any attempt to break through with the

We cannot but think Black would have done better by instituting a strong counter-attack with P to Q Kt 4th at once than by all this manoeuvring to capture White's Q B P, which, when it is effected, only virtually presents White with a piece in exchange.

25. P to K R 4th B to Kt 3rd
26. P takes P P takes P
27. R to B sq R to K sq
28. K to B 2nd K to Kt 2nd
29. B to Q 2nd K to B 3rd
30. B to K 3rd Kt to R 6th
31. P to K B 4th P takes P
32. B takes P Kt takes P
33. Kt to Kt 3rd Kt to R 6th
34. R to K R sq Kt to B 5th
35. K to B 3rd K to B 2nd
36. Kt to B 5th B takes Kt
37. P takes B K to Kt 2nd
38. K to Kt 4th R to K R sq

A fatal disaster, as White's passed Pawn is now irresistible. White has cleverly grasped his opportunities throughout the game.

39. P to B 6th (ch) K to Kt sq
40. P to B 7th (ch) K to Kt 2nd
41. R takes R Resigns.

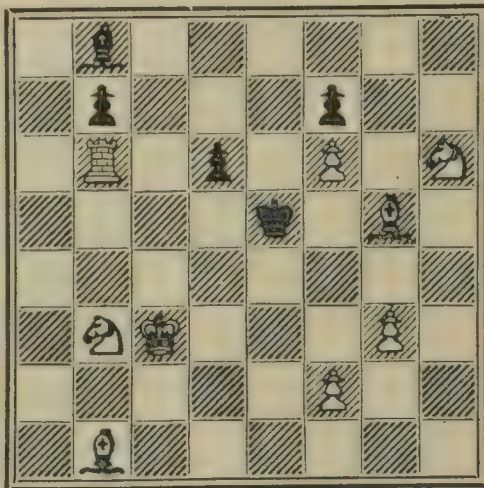
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3984.—BY PHILIP MARTIN.

WHITE
1. Q to R 6th
2. Q or B mates accordingly.

A problem possessing the slender grace and the simple charm of a wayside flower. It would be idle to criticise it by the ornate standards of modern problem culture, but many of our solvers have spoken of the pleasure its freshness has afforded them. No indulgence need here be asked for a first contribution.

PROBLEM No. 3986.—By L. W. CAFFERATA.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3978 received from T S W Chan (Hong Kong); of No. 3981 from Donald V Sullivan (Rochester, N.Y.), and R E Broughall-Woods (Broken Hill, Northern Rhodesia); of No. 3982 from Donald V Sullivan (Rochester, N.Y.), J E Houseman (Chicoutini), and R C Durell (Alberta); of No. 3983 from Donald V Sullivan (Rochester, N.Y.) and R C Durell (Alberta); of No. 3984 from Senex (Darwen), F J Fallwell (Brighton), J W Smedley (Oldham), O H Viveash (Barnswood), V G Walrond (Haslingden), and C H Watson (Masham); and of No. 3985 from P J Wood (Wakefield), Senex (Darwen), J P S (Cricklewood), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), F G Collings (Manchester), S Caldwell (Hove), L W Cafferata (Farndon), Rev. A M Coode (Cirencester), J W Smedley (Oldham), J Hunter (Leicester), W C D Smith (Northampton), William Kirkman (Hereford), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), H W Satow (Bangor), C B S (Canterbury), James B Beresford (Chapel-en-le-Frith), R B N (Tewkesbury), J M K Lupton (Richmond), A Edmeston (Worsley), J T Bridge (Colchester), H Burgess (St. Leonard's-on-Sea), M S Maughan (Barton-on-Sea), and P Cooper (Clapham).

The International Masters' Tournament at Hanover, while scarcely to be called representative, was productive of some good games, with the result that Nemzowich took the first prize with 6½ points; Rubinstein the second with half a point less; and Holtzhansen the third, with 4 points.

The annual congress of the British Chess Federation, held this year at Edinburgh, attracted a large attendance as usual, and although the sudden death of one of the competitors cast a shadow of gloom over its closing stages, the meeting proved, from first to last, highly successful. In a keen struggle for the championship, Mr. Yates beat the holder, Mr. Michell, by a narrow margin, so becoming our national champion for the fourth time. Mr. Michell was second, and Messrs. Blake and Goldstein tied for third place, the latter presenting a creditable first appearance in this contest. The ladies' championship was won by Mrs. Stevenson for the third time, and in the Major Open Tournament a triple tie for the first prize was made between Messrs. Drewitt, Morrison, and Znosko-Borowsky.

"THE DUNLOP BOOK."

NO motorist's library is complete without "The Dunlop Book," which thoroughly well deserves its title of "the most opulent of motor-touring publications." The third edition of this well-known volume has just made its appearance, and is absolutely up to date and contains a number of new sections. Every motorist will read Lord Montagu of Beaulieu's article on "Motoring—Yesterday, To-Day, and the Future" with great interest, and will enjoy smiling over the photographs which illustrate the earliest cars, in one of which the late King Edward is seated as a passenger. Lord Montagu's experience and knowledge of motoring is allied to a delightfully humorous outlook, and his contribution is a most attractive one. The "Concise Guide to the British Isles," with maps of many of the important towns and numerous illustrations depicting objects of interest, is invaluable as a guide in arranging motoring tours. This section is followed by a series of small maps of the favourite touring grounds of the British Isles, and coloured sectional motoring maps giving contour lines and graded shades of colour to indicate hilly country. There is an admirable article on "What to Look for in Old Village Churches"; Mr. Horace G. Hutchinson contributes "Angler and Automobile" for the benefit of the fishing enthusiast; Mr. Charles G. Harper's "Curiosities of the Open Road" is a fascinating illustrated section; and there are numerous other delightful articles on various subjects of interest to the touring motorist. In addition to these sections "The Dunlop Book" contains much practical advice as to the care of tyres and prevention of trouble; full information as to the leading automobile clubs of this country; an article on golf by Dr. A. Mackenzie, and one on lawn tennis by Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen. In fact, "The Dunlop Book," which is sold at 15s. net, and published by Ed. J. Burrow and Co., is one of the most fascinating volumes ever offered to the public.

LET GAZE'S
PLAN
YOUR GARDEN

EVERY LOVER OF A GARDEN
WILL BE INTERESTED IN SEEING
"THE GAZEWAY" GARDENS ON THE
PORTSMOUTH ROAD AT SURBITON.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET.

W. H. GAZE & SONS, LTD.
19-23, High Street, Kingston-on-Thames



You will be proud
to show your shoes

when they are polished with Cherry Blossom Boot Polish—the polish that is scientifically manufactured and carefully examined by our permanent staff of chemists, in order to ensure that it will keep the leather in perfect condition and impart the most pleasing shine.

Cherry Blossom Boot Polish

"It does the leather good."

In White, Black, and Brown. 1½d., 2½d., 4½d. and 6d. per tin.

The Chiswick Polish Co., Ltd., Chiswick, W.4.

SNOWENE. In Aluminium Containers 7d. each. Refills 2d.

Gazelda super Leather for Smart Hats

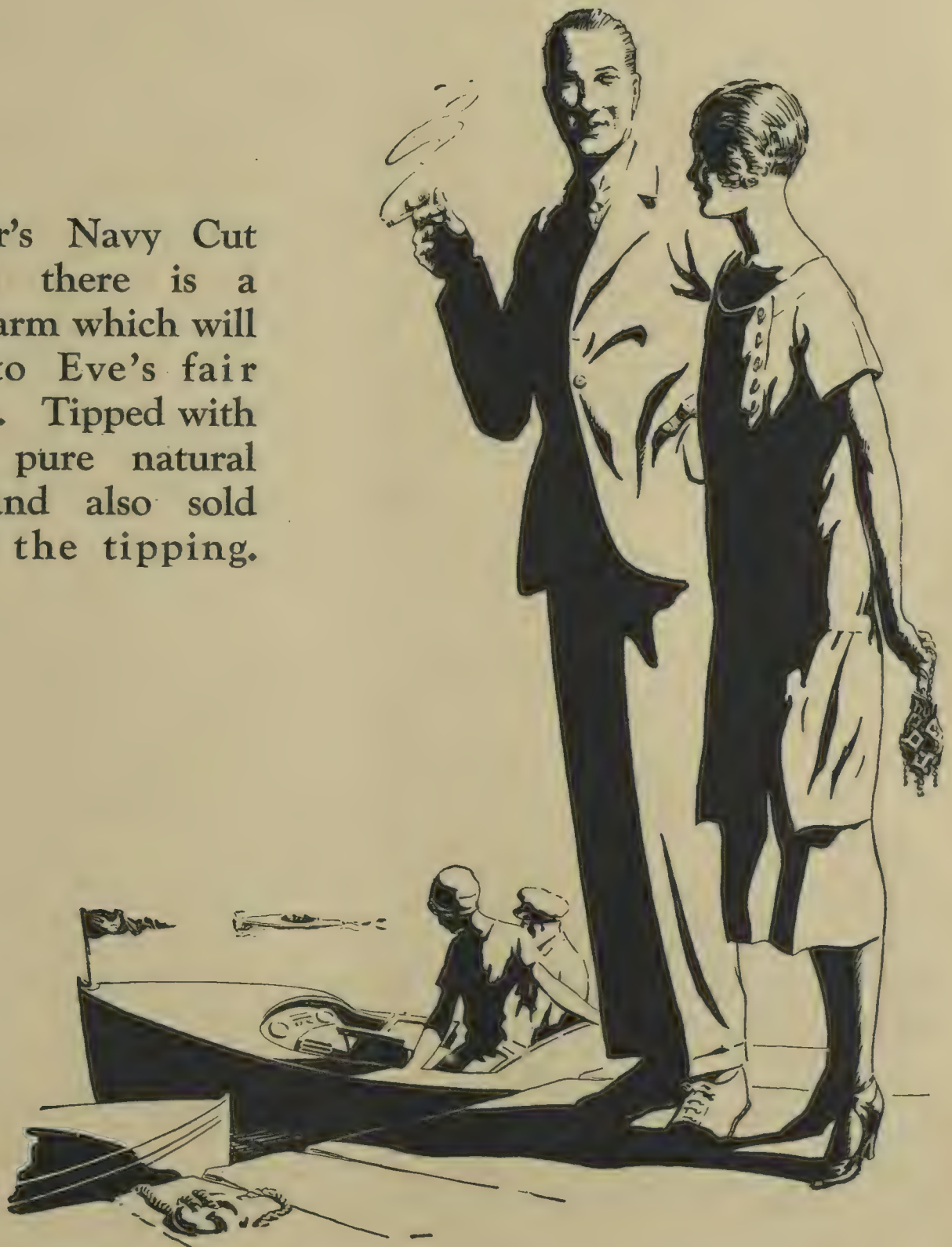
"New and very smart" is the all-admiring opinion on hats made of Gazelda. This material, soft as textile and rich as velvet, lends itself to the most becoming shapes, makes a hat unusually smart for all occasions, and is ideal for sport use. It is protective, light, hard-wearing, and rain-resisting. In a wide choice of shades. Leading hatters are using it for the new popular "tam" hats.

Gazelda
REGD TRADE MARK

BCM/GAZELDA.

PLAYER'S "MEDIUM" NAVY CUT CIGARETTES WITH OR WITHOUT CORK TIPS

In Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes there is a subtle charm which will appeal to Eve's fair daughters. Tipped with cork of pure natural growth and also sold without the tipping.



Reg. No. 154,011

PLAYER'S

Navy Cut

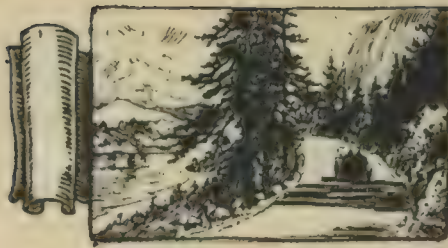
CIGARETTES

10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d.

50 for 2/5

100 for 4/8





THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By JOHN PRIOLEAU.

A BRITISH CAR IN A CLASS OF ITS OWN: THE NEW LAGONDA.

IT is not often in these days, which are so persistently being labelled "hard times," that the maker of any but the most expensive kinds of car—whether he be English, French, Italian, or any other nationality—is so bold as to produce a car entirely different from those he has made before. The car-buying public is accustomed to look to different makers for different kinds of car, and is usually rather suspicious when anything really new and unexpected is brought out. It argues great courage, therefore, when a maker does take this plunge and, as I really believe is often the case, builds the dearer car he wants to and not the cheaper one he has to.

Such a car is the new 14-60 Lagonda, but I must hastily qualify my last sentence, so far as the other cars produced by this firm are concerned. I have no reason to suppose that the Lagonda firm do not want to produce their lighter and cheaper cars, and I daresay their customers would be greatly disappointed if they should cease to do so; but I imagine that the new 14-60 is very much the sort of car that any light-car maker would prefer to build to any other. For it is of that kind which is growing sadly more rare every year—the kind in which an infinity of pains is taken to ensure that every part of it shall reach the same high standard. There are £600 class cars with quite first-class engines, gear-boxes, back axles, springs, and steering, and there are some in which first-class standards have been followed in less important details; but the number of those in which you will find all these qualities combined is very small. They are an exceedingly select company. I do not believe that any country produces more than a few.

The Lagonda is emphatically a car of this kind, and after my experience with it my principal sensation was one of rejoicing that it was built not in Turin or Paris or Brussels, but in England, and that I could not recall ever having tried a foreign car of this type and price which could beat it in any essential particular. It is a new car in the sense that it is a new production of a firm who have hitherto built a totally different type of car, but it is also new, so far as my experience goes, in that at the price it makes a fresh category of its own.

While there are 2-litre four-cylinder engines on the market as powerful as the Lagonda, and a number of complete cars which will reach as high a maximum speed, I do not yet know of any which combines all

engine is superbly balanced. You can drive it as hard as you feel inclined, I was going to say without the slightest compunction; but what I really ought to say

The design of the four-cylinder engine, which has a bore and stroke of 72 by 120, is distinctive and interesting. The valves are operated by a pair of overhead cam-shafts, one on each side of the engine, and, although you might suppose that this arrangement might mean noise, actually the Lagonda is one of the quietest engines I have ever known. The magneto is mounted on top of, and skew-driven by, the offside cam-shaft, and is therefore properly accessible. The crank-shaft, which is carried on five bearings, is counterbalanced, which no doubt accounts to a large extent for the quite extraordinarily vibrationless running of the engine.

Several features of this car deserve the close attention of anyone who likes well-designed, well-built machinery. One is the admirable provision made for the lubrication of those parts of the chassis which, from their inaccessibility, rarely get attention. Oil-pipes are led from these points to a few grease-gun nipples (three or four) neatly arranged behind a door in the valance. Short of strictly automatic chassis-lubrication, I have not yet come across anything so practical. There is no excuse for neglecting the lubrication of the Lagonda chassis—which is more than can be said of a number of cars costing a good deal more than £600.

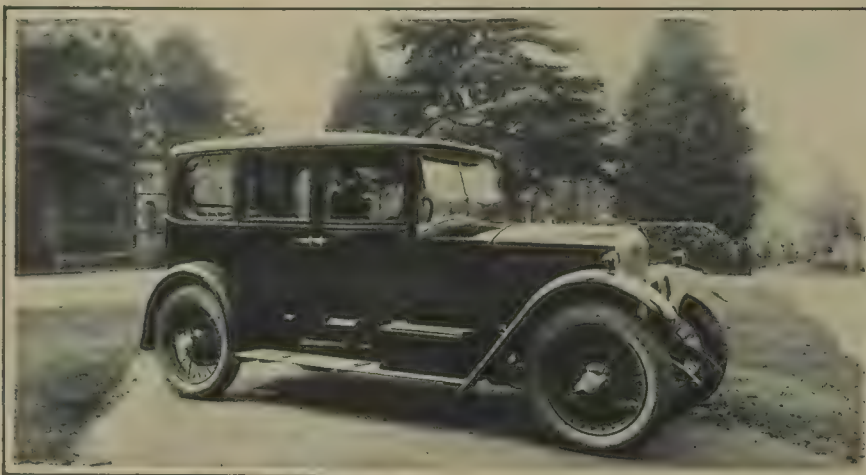
Another point I like is the combination of a thermostat with the cooling pump; another, the fact that you can detach the cylinder-head without disturbing any timing; another, the design of the oil-strainer, which allows it to be taken out and cleaned without breaking any connections. It is a car which has been very carefully thought out—not so common an event as you might suppose to-day.

The coachwork of the "Semi-Sports" four-seater I tried is excellent, upholstered half-pneumatically, half with springs and horsehair. It and the floating instrument-board (which carries a revolution-counter as part of the standard outfit) are finished in a style worthy of the chassis. All this kind of thing is very well done on the new Lagonda, and rightly so; but it is the really flexible, vibrationless running of the engine and its intoxicating liveliness and acceleration which capture your heart. Drive

it, and share my delight that it is English. Our foreign rivals have yet a lot to learn, so long as we can produce a car like this at £590.



AT ONE OF THE FIRST G.P.O. BEAM RECEIVING STATIONS, IN COURSE OF ERECTION NEAR BRIDGWATER: A SHORT 18-H.P. ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY CAR—THE NEW MODEL.



WOMAN AT THE WHEEL: A 14-40 H.P. VAUXHALL BEDFORD SALOON—A CAR OF MUCH DISTINCTION.

is, without knowing that you are doing it. At sixty-five miles an hour, which is the highest speed I attained, I could detect no more vibration in anything connected with the engine than I could at, say, twenty-five—which means that I could detect none at all. On second and third speeds the maximum revolutions can be reached with the same result.

The four-speed gear-box is also a quite first-class piece of work, gear-changing being properly easy and swift, while the gears themselves make no more noise than a low, musical hum. The springing is exceptionally good (it is by semi-elliptics all round), and the car holds the road as it should do. I have once or twice come across steering which was perhaps a shade more automatic, to give it a rather clumsy name, but I should certainly say that the Lagonda steering is among the six best.

These things, you will admit, are things that cost money, and are therefore generally found only in cars costing a good deal more. When you add to them the fact that the entire chassis, from radiator to back axle, is finished as cars used to be

finished in the days before quantity production brought slovenly methods and "outsides don't matter" ideas in its train, you will see what I mean by assigning to the Lagonda a class of its own.



OLD ARCHITECTURE AND MODERN ROAD TRAVEL: A 1926 10-H.P. SINGER SALOON BESIDE A PICTURESQUE OLD HOUSE IN SURREY.

the Lagonda qualities at the Lagonda price. I hope there may be, and that I shall have an opportunity of driving them, but at present the Lagonda seems to me to be sole occupant of a new class. That 2-litre



ADMIRING AN ANCIENT BUILDING NEAR WITLEY: LADY OWNER-DRIVERS OF A 10-23 H.P. TALBOT SALOON.

AEROGEN

PETROL-AIR SAFETY GAS

Self-Starting & Self-Stopping

LIGHTS

the house by incandescent mantles, giving a soft, even illumination. Owing to the high heating value of the gas produced, Aerogen mantles are lit over their whole area, giving the maximum possible light from the size of mantle employed. Aerogen is automatic and non-explosive.

COOKS

with the perfection of control over the heat that gas cooking gives, and with a perfectly smokeless flame. The design of the Aerogen plant enables the gas stove to be lit at any time without disturbing the house lighting or requiring adjustment of the plant.

Aerogen is clean and non-poisonous.

HEATS

with the combination of economy and convenience possessed only by gas. Aerogen gas is especially suitable for getting the utmost from a gas fire, owing to its great heating power, and as with the cooking stove, no disturbance of light is caused.

Aerogen is the ALL-ENGLISH system which renders you entirely independent of Coal.

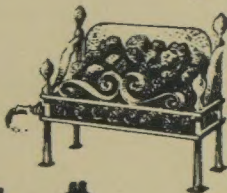
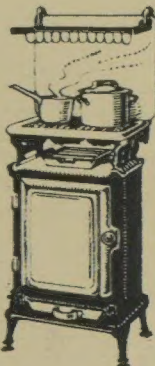
(The First Established.)

The AEROGEN Co., Ltd.,

Showrooms & Offices: **36, Bolsover Street, London, W.1.**

Also at Edinburgh.

Works: Bridge Wharf, Camden Town.



The Machine with an Unbroken Record of 46 Yrs.



The charm of travel need not be spoiled by sickness

Seasickness, authorities tell us, is not so prevalent to-day as it was 50 years ago, but that is not because we are, as a nation, becoming more "sea-worthy," but because more and more travellers take preventative measures in the form of

MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

Known and used for 25 years. No drugs, no danger, but perfect immunity.

From all Chemists throughout the world.

Motherstill Remedy Co., Ltd.,
London, Paris, New York, Montreal.



SUMMER PRICES

will definitely cease at the end of this month.

THE opportunity to secure reliable furs at reduced Summer Prices will soon be gone. Until August 31st our Sale continues with greater reductions than ever.

BUY YOUR FURS NOW—YOU WILL SAVE MONEY.

Enormous stocks to choose from all at Bargain Prices.

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED SUMMER SALE CATALOGUE POST FREE.

Illustrated is a very attractive coat in Sable-dyed Marmot representing unique workmanship. It is trimmed with Natural Skunk collar and cuffs, is very hard-wearing and suitable for all kinds of weather. Usual Winter Price 65 Gns.

FINALLY REDUCED TO

39 Gns.

Selections of Furs gladly sent ON APPROVAL.

CITY FUR STORE,

Manufacturing Furriers,
64, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD,
LONDON, E.C.4

We have no shop: Showrooms First Floor.

The NEW CAR may soon run "rough" and squeak — unless —

you fit at the outset, not ordinary shock absorbers, but

Gabriel Snubbers

(Regd.)
Not to be confused with ordinary shock absorbers.

Gabriels are different in action — gentle instead of jerky. Come to the new Gabriel London Service Station, and let us fit your car for 30 days' trial. Or write to-day.

GABRIEL SALES AND SERVICE CO., LIMITED,
550, Oxford Street, W.1.

Next door to Marble Arch Tube Station.
Telephone: Paddington 8957.



If you already enjoy Gabriel Snubber super-smoothness, remember we make free inspection and adjustments at our new Station.



KROPP The Razor that withstands time

Razors may come
Razors may go —
but — the Kropp goes on for ever.

It never requires grinding.

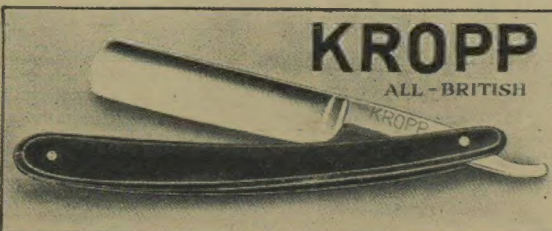
In Case, Black Handle,
10/6;
Ivory Handle, 18/-

From all Hairdressers,
Cutlers, Stores, etc.

Send postcard for a copy of
"Shaver's Kit," Booklet
No. 105.

WHOLESALE ONLY:

OSBORNE, GARRETT & CO., Ltd., LONDON, W.1.



McCallum's
Perfection
Scots Whisky

Of old they cried—McCallum More!
Now their cry is—More McCallum!

THE COLOUR OF OXFORD.

(See Colour Supplement in this Number.)

In this number we give, as a supplement, further colour photograph reproductions from drawings of Oxford by Mr. W. Dacres Adams, similar to those which appeared in our issue of June 12. The following articles on the subjects of the present series have been specially written or obtained for us by the Vicar of St. Mary's and distinguished members of the three colleges now illustrated.

ST. MARY-THE-VIRGIN, OXFORD.

By the Rev. G. C. Richards, Vicar of St. Mary's.

DURING the twelfth century the University of Oxford came into existence, and before its close the pre-Conquest church of St. Mary was rebuilt, and perhaps consecrated by the great Bishop of Lincoln, afterwards canonised as St. Hugh. About a hundred years later a tower and spire were added, which, beautifully restored, still strike the eye of everyone approaching the city from the direction of London. Walter Lyhart, Bishop of Norwich, rebuilt the choir in 1462, and the nave was re-erected by the University near the end of the century.

St. Mary's was a Crown living, and Edward I. was interested in the building of the tower; but the founder of Oriel College, Adam de Brome, secured the living as an endowment for the new foundation, and since 1326 the living has been a vicarage in the gift of the College and generally served by a Fellow. Here Oriel will celebrate its sexcentenary next June. While Oriel was responsible for the parochial services, the use of the church by the University increased in course of time. It was not only the religious centre, but was used for meetings, examinations, disputations; it was its treasury and library; and in it took place the graduation ceremony in July known as the Act.

The latest addition to the existing church is the Virgin Porch, which we illustrate. It was erected in 1637 at the cost of Dr. Morgan Owen, chaplain to Archbishop Laud. Archbishop Laud's impeachment contained an article about "the very scandalous statue," the figure of the crowned Virgin with the Holy Child. In 1642 one of Lord Say's troopers, riding down High Street, broke off the two heads with a brace of bullets. The twisted columns with

composite capitals, the broken pediment flanked by two angels, and the charming wrought-iron gate form a delightful whole, and in the autumn red leaves add a touch of colour. The nave of the church remains as it was refitted in 1827-8, just before the future Cardinal Newman became Vicar. Its arrangement is most unpleasing to modern taste, and most awkward for any service except the University sermon. Sir Charles Nicholson has recently prepared plans which would greatly improve the interior. It is to be hoped that private liberality will enable this work to be carried out, as the University has spent at least £50,000 on the restoration of the exterior.

ALL SOULS COLLEGE, OXFORD.

ALL SOULS COLLEGE was founded in 1433 by Henry Chichele, Archbishop of Canterbury, under the elaborate and suggestive title of "Collegium Animarum Omnium Fidelium Defunctorum in Oxonia." Chichele appears as one of the characters in Shakespeare's "Henry V." That King built two chantries in the hope of making his father's soul rest in better peace in the matter of Richard II. Chichele's quadrangle remains unaltered in its main features.

The larger and newer quadrangle was added alongside of the older and smaller one in the first half of the eighteenth century. The architect in charge of the building was Hawksmoor, a pupil of Sir Christopher Wren, who had already been a Fellow of the College for fifty years, and was at the time busy with the chapel of Queen's College. It is not certain that Wren actually designed anything for All Souls, except possibly the Common Room, and the sundial which is embodied in the outside wall of the Codrington Library.

The exquisite domed building known as the Radcliffe Camera is a work of the same period as the great Quadrangle of All Souls, having been finished in 1749. John Radcliffe came to Oxford as a scholar of University College in 1666, and in 1686 James II. appointed him Physician to the Princess Anne. He died in 1714, three months after his royal charge, and left the bulk of his great fortune in the form of a Trust for Public Purposes. To that Trust we owe this lovely specimen of building characteristic of that period.

The architect of the Camera was James Gibbs (1682-1754). He built part of King's College, Cambridge, and several churches in London, but the

"Bibliotheca Radcliviana" is recognised as his greatest work. It was intended originally to contain a general library, which in time became specialised in medicine and science. This collection was in the last century removed to new quarters, and the Camera is now part of the Bodleian Library.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.

By the Rev. E. M. Walker, Pro-Provost of Queen's College.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE ranks as sixth among the colleges of Oxford in order of antiquity. It was founded in 1340, in the reign of King Edward III., by Robert de Eglesfield, a Cumberland man, afterwards chaplain and confessor to Queen Philippa. It was doubtless owing to his influence with her that he secured the support of the King for his new foundation. Queen Philippa was the first of a long line of Queens-Consort to accept the office of patroness of the college—an office which Queen Mary has been graciously pleased to assume.

Eglesfield himself tells us in the original statutes of the college that he was moved to undertake the foundation of Queen's by the deplorable condition to which the two counties of Cumberland and Westmorland had been reduced by the wars with Scotland. From the time of Eglesfield to the first University Commission of 1854 none but natives of Cumberland and Westmorland were eligible for election as Scholars, Fellows, or Provost, but for the last seventy years the Foundation has been open to all, and the connection with the North survives at the present day chiefly through the scholarships established in the eighteenth century by Lady Elizabeth Hastings for the benefit of certain schools in Yorkshire, Cumberland, and Westmorland. Although the college was founded for the benefit of the North, it is with the South, and especially with Hampshire and the Isle of Wight, that it has always had the closest connection in respect of patronage and estates.

Of the original buildings of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries not one stone remains standing. The college was entirely rebuilt at the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries. The Library, one of the noblest buildings in Oxford, is the work of Sir Christopher Wren; the rest of the buildings represent Wren's design as modified by his pupil Hawksmoor. Its front, facing

(Continued overleaf.)

For Best Snapshots
Send us Your
Developing

*Phone:
Mayfair 2066



And Use Only

"KODAK" FILM

The Dependable Film
in the Yellow Carton

"KODAK" LISTS FREE

You can rely on getting your "snaps" developed and printed BY RETURN POST, and our specially equipped staff enables us to keep up the very high standard of quality which is so often lacking in work done locally.

Wallace Heaton

Cameras of Quality LTD.
119, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.1
And at 47, Berkeley St., W.1



The foremost hair-dressers advise the use of Inecto in the light of their experience of its efficacy.

GREY HAIR

GREYNESS of the hair is intolerable during the Summer Season when all Nature should be at its best.

Inecto positively ensures the perfection of a woman's hair. It imbues it with the vital attribute of nature, its richness of colour and silken softness. The results of Inecto are permanent after a treatment which takes but 30 minutes.

INECTO

SALONS: 32 DOVER ST., W.1
Telephone: Regent 7931

15 NORTH AUDLEY ST., LONDON, W.1
Telephone: Mayfair 3046 (3 lines)

Yorkshire Relish
9^d. Per Bottle.

The most delicious Sauce in the World.

GOODALL, BACKHOUSE & CO. - - LEEDS.

That's the point!
of the



PERRY TESTED PENS



Medical Guaranty with bottle. Chemists Prices 2/6 & 4/6 or direct to the Tatcho-Tone Co., 3, Gt. Queen St., W.C.2

Spencer Pianos

Famed the world over for
glorious Tone, delicate Touch
and thorough Construction

Moderate Prices. Deferred Payments.
Delivery Free to any Railway Station
in Great Britain or F.O.B. (case extra)
English Port for Export. Old Pianos
taken in part exchange.

Illustrated Catalogue Free

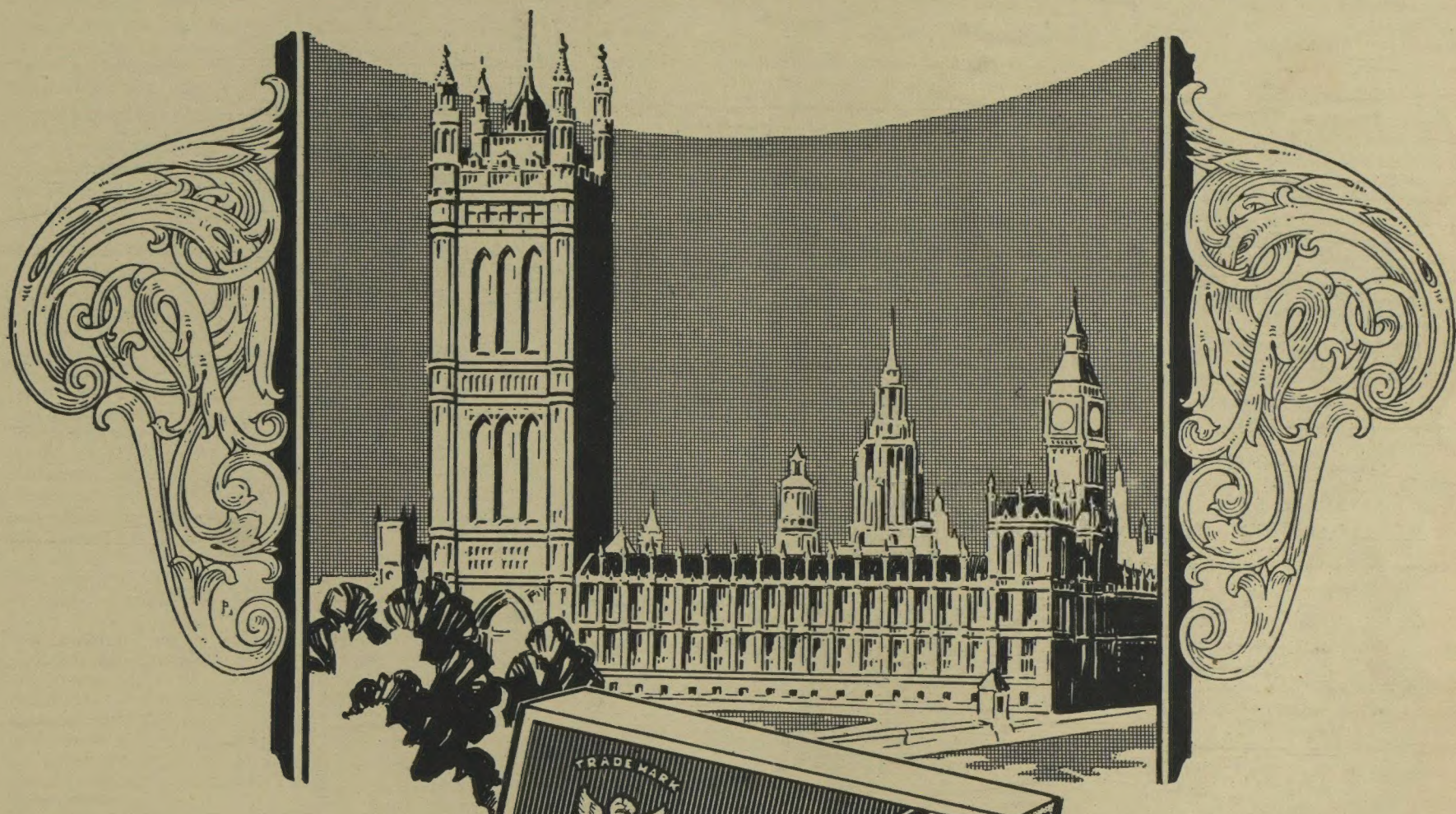
MURDOCHS The Great Piano House 461/463 OXFORD ST. LONDON W1



SPENCER BABY GRANDS
SPENCER UPRIGHT GRANDS
SPENCER BABY UPRIGHTS
SPENCER TROPICAL MODELS
SPENCER FOR SHIP USE
SPENCER FOR SCHOOLS
SPENCER PLAYER-GRANDS
SPENCER PLAYER-UPRIGHTS

And at B'ham, Brighton, Portsmouth, Southampton, etc.

APPRECIATION



20
FOR
1/-

ALSO IN 50s & 100s



10
FOR
6^d

ALSO IN 50s & 100s

The man of keen perception appreciates to
the full the coolness and the fragrant aroma
of

Westminster
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

Cork-Tipped

OR PLAIN

OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

Continued.

the High Street, with its screen and cupola, have formed the centre of countless pictures of "the High."

The college counts among its *alumni* Henry V., Addison, and Jeremy Bentham; among its treasures a loving-cup given by the founder in 1340, and still in

TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD.

TRINITY COLLEGE was the first to be founded in Oxford after the Reformation, which had involved the suppression of four or five monastic colleges, besides the three great friaries which were practically academic. Sir Thomas Pope, Kt., bought up and repaired the site and the buildings of Durham College, which dated from 1286.

The old Bursary, the Buttery, and the Common Room, which were built before 1380, and the old Library and original President's Lodgings, erected 1417-21, remain recognisably mediæval, though much altered. The Hall was rebuilt in 1620, in good Stuart Gothic; and the Chapel superseded a rather smaller early Perpendicular one in 1694. Meanwhile, a new quadrangle, "though a lame one, somewhat like a three-legged table," had been added from Wren's design, being his earliest work in Oxford.

After nearly two centuries the college again expanded towards Broad Street, and the present Front Quadrangle was formed from gardens and orchards, and now consists of the Chapel, the New Buildings, and the new President's House, with the ancient "Cottages" and Kettell Hall, formerly approached only from the street. The view of the Chapel published in this number shows rather less than was seen from the street, down a long drive with an oval grass plot,

before this last development. It is quite certain that it was not designed by Wren; he merely improved the construction and the ornamentation from a plan which was drawn by Dean Aldrich, who also designed the more beautiful Palladian Church of All Saints at the junction of Turl Street with the High.

The tower over the original gateway of the college is not so well proportioned as the Chapel itself, and the whole building has suffered greatly from the decay of the local stone; but the interior, with its carvings by Grinling Gibbons in limewood and in the "fine sweet wood ye same yt ye Lord Orford brought over when High Admiral" (*i.e.* Bermuda "cedar" or



A NEW IDEA FOR A RESTFUL BOATING HOLIDAY: AN IDYLIC SCENE ON THE SHROPSHIRE UNION CANAL, WINDING THROUGH DELIGHTFUL COUNTRY BETWEEN CHESTER AND LLANGOLLEN.

On the Shropshire Union Canal an enjoyable holiday can be had at very little expense, as pleasure craft are allowed subject to the payment of tolls and charges, which are comparatively small. The manager at Chester will readily supply particulars. One passes by quaint old Chester under its ancient Roman walls—and thence through delightful Cheshire and Shropshire country, via Beeston Castle, Whitchurch, and Ellesmere. Here the canal winds among the lovely Shropshire Meres, passing "Watts Dyke" and on to Chirk; across "Offa's Dyke" over the valley of the Ceiriog, and further on traverses the Dee by the Pontcysyllte Aqueduct, which affords a commanding view of the beautiful vale of Llangollen.

use at every Gaudy; and amongst its peculiar customs the summons to dinner in Hall by a trumpet instead of the usual bell, the Boar's Head procession at Christmas, and the dinner on New Year's Day, when each of the guests receives from the Bursar a needle and thread of silk, of colour according to his Faculty, with the admonition, "Take this and be thrifty."



WHERE A QUIET AND INEXPENSIVE BOATING TRIP OF SIXTY-TWO MILES CAN BE ENJOYED: THE SHROPSHIRE UNION CANAL—A PICTURESQUE REACH BETWEEN WOODS ON EITHER HAND.

juniper), is as perfect as when it was constructed. The plane-tree seen on the left stands on the other side of the Balliol wall.

LET THE "BIG SIX" HELP YOU WHEN YOU GO TO PARIS

§ § §

AT the Paris offices of "The Illustrated London News," "The Sketch," "The Sphere," "The Tatler," "Eve," "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News," 13 and 15, Rue Taitbout, Boulevard des Italiens, there is a comfortable reading-room where current and back copies of all the "Big Six" publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

Your Doctor
Recommends

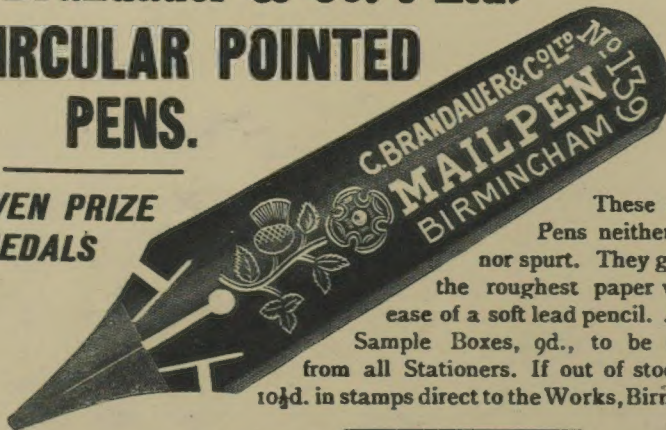
KUTNOW'S POWDER

For Liver, Stomach
and Uric Acid Troubles

C. Brandauer & Co.'s Ltd.

CIRCULAR POINTED
PENS.

SEVEN PRIZE
MEDALS



These series of Pens neither scratch nor spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil. Assorted Sample Boxes, 9d., to be obtained from all Stationers. If out of stock, send 10d. in stamps direct to the Works, Birmingham

London Warehouse: 124, NEWGATE STREET, E.C.

Why go
Grey?
HIDES
HAIR TINT



tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers. 2/6 or direct:—

HIDES, Ltd., 60, Parker Street, Kingsway, London.



LT.-COL. RICHARDSON'S
Pedigree
AIREDALES
(best protection against burglars),
ABERDEENS,
CAIRNS,
WEST HIGHLAND,
WIRE FOX,
SEALYHAMS.
From 10 gns. Pups, 5 gns.
CLOCK HOUSE, BYFLEET
(STATION, WEYBRIDGE), SURREY.
Tel. Byfleet 274.

HIMROD'S
ASTHMA
CURE
FAMED FOR OVER
50 YEARS
1/6 a tin at all chemists.

BAILEY'S TURNSTILES,
TURRET CLOCKS,
PUMPS AND VALVES.
SIR W. H. BAILEY & CO. LD.
ALBION WORKS, BALFORD

Oakey's WELLINGTON
Knife Polish

The Original Preparation for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery, and all Steel, Iron, Brass, and Copper articles. Sold in Cansisters at 3d., 6d., & 1s., by Grocers, Ironmongers, Olives, &c. Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, London, S.E. 1.

Foster Clark's

It's the Creamiest Custard for Plums